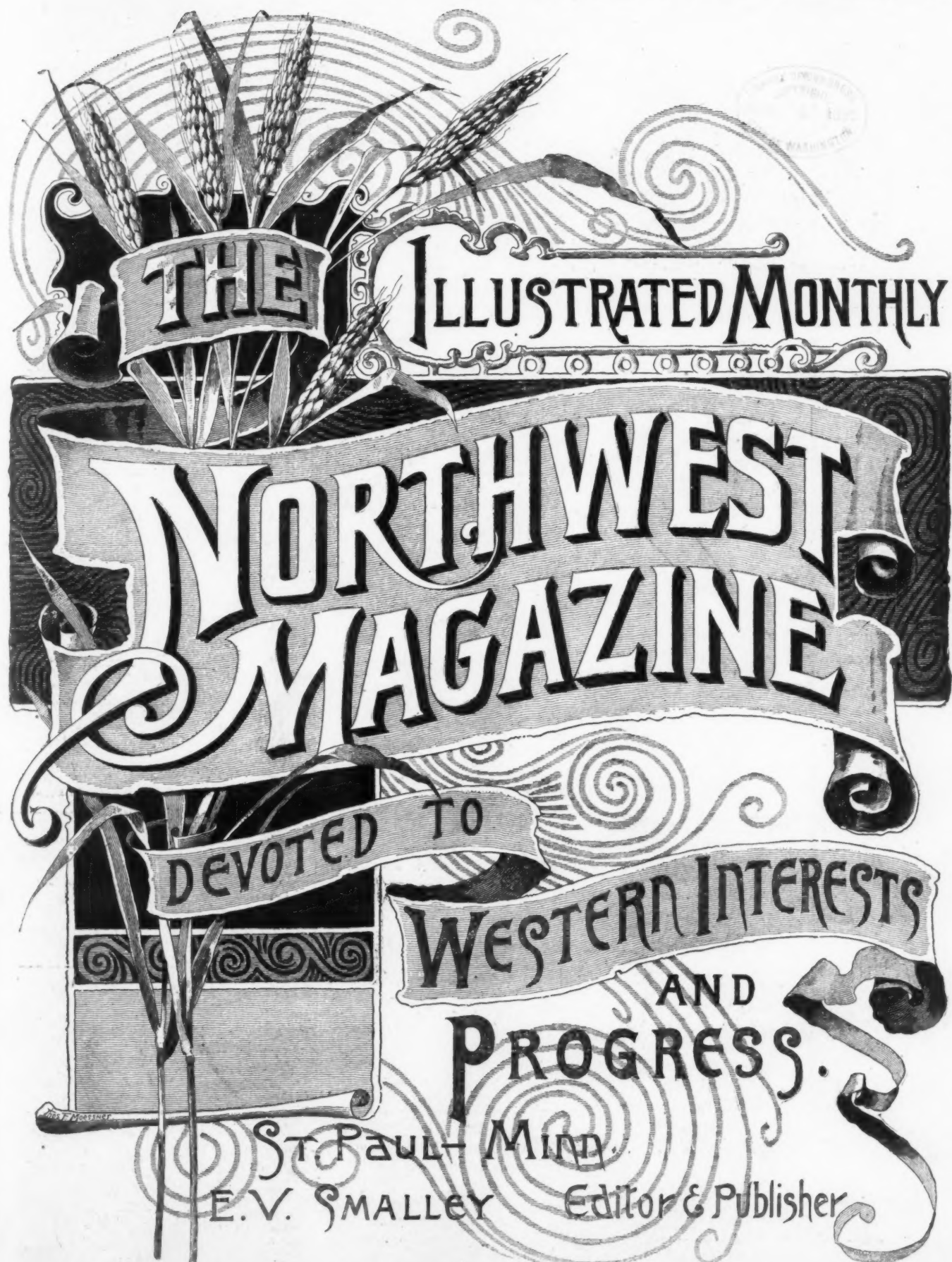


In this issue: { "Progressive Minneapolis."  
"Washington's Monte Cristo."  
"My Experience in the Sunnyside Country."

FEBRUARY, 1895. VOL. XIII. NO. 2



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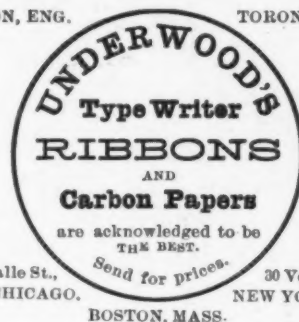
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# THE NORTHWEST

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## WASHINGTON'S MONTE CRISTO.

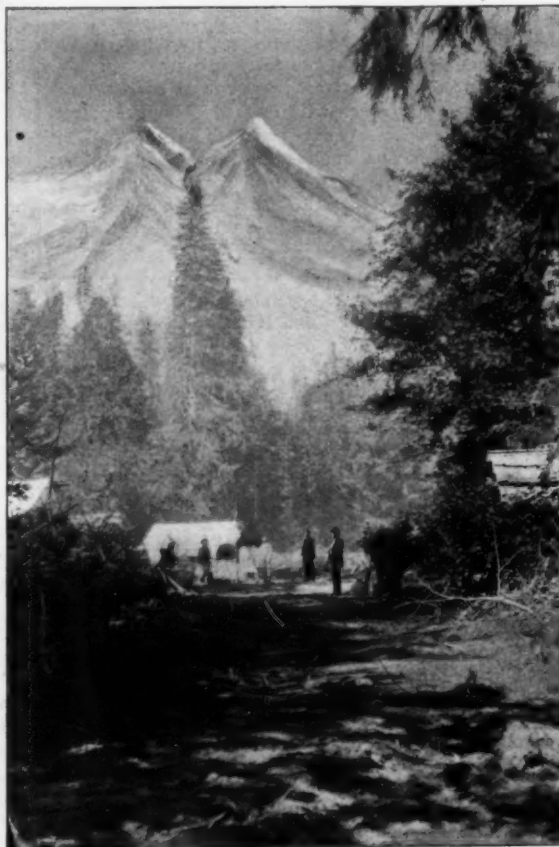
En route to Monte Cristo! I fairly envied myself! What a charm lay in the mere suggestion when it first was offered! What vistas of splendor the name opened to my mind, and what charming possibilities seemed to crowd upon each other at the thought of a trip to a spot that even remotely suggested that fabulous princely holding, which in its original pictured story and in its splendid setting of the modern drama is one of the most fascinating subjects for romancing that can be found. I thought of Dumas weaving all the wealth of Golconda into a web so rich that no eye could fail to be dazzled by its beauty, and I thought of James O'Neill, adding his strong personality to the story, and captivating the hearts and brains of thousands with the splendor that seems but the proper setting for his regal manhood. Visions of riches and beauty teem through the mind of every one who is familiar with the story, at the mention of the name, and so, with brain filled with such thoughts as only that scintillating title could awaken, I started for Monte Cristo, half expecting to meet the radiant Count, or to find myself the possessor of some vast treasure, or, perhaps, to gather at least a few gems from the wealth so abundant there.

But though the mysterious Count, with his air of morcelless dignity, and his murmurs of "Mercedes" like a prayer, did not appear in actual flesh, and though no mine of sparkling gems opened at my feet, nor did even one jewel dazzle my sight, yet the trip lost none of the charm which the associating with Dumas' enchanting novel had inspired, and my dreams after visiting the new Monte Cristo were quite as highly colored and delightful as when it was but a happy anticipation. Perhaps I may say more, for the story of the old Monte Cristo has been told, and we know what the riches amounted to, and we may count, if we care to, the startling values that brought consternation upon the enemies of the Count; but of the possibilities of the future for the new Monte Cristo that nestles snugly under the great overhanging brows of half a score of towering peaks, each one bending its head in confidence over the infant city with a story of untold wealth treasured in

its dark recesses—of what lies in store for this spot, who can form the faintest conjecture, or what limit can be placed upon the marvellous bounty that shall reward the true nobility of labor, energy and dauntless perseverance that have begun the mighty work of inducing those forbidding hills to yield up their hoarded riches? There is always a greater charm in the unknown,

ment is not in store for the traveller who boards the coach of the Everett & Monte Cristo Railway, and by so doing takes passage for cloud-land, and affords himself such a treat as is seldom dreamed of and rarely experienced in any land in this beautiful round world. Out from the city of Everett, past the busy, bustling paper mills which, with incredible voracity, devour the very forests and reduce them to every variety of paper; across the smooth Snohomish, which, with its fertile bottom lands, has long been the home of early settlers, where are great old orchards laden with such luscious fruitage as grows only in this unequaled region; up through the woods that border its banks, until we leave it entirely, and curving to the north, make for the snow-covered mountains that form the Pilchuck Range, a part of the great Cascades, we come upon the Stillaguamish, serene and peaceful, flowing tranquilly down to meet its destiny in the bosom of blue Puget Sound. The character of the foliage here is varied, and besides the usual growth of giant cedars, with their strong limbs shrouded in glossy robes—feathery hemlocks, and fragrant spruce and fir, there are splendid maples, lithe willows and graceful alders, with their dappled trunks leaning out over the water's edge, their roots reaching down into the cool, moist soil they love so well.

Even in mid-summer there are new shoots on the vine maples that are red as flame, and gleam out through the green of the woods in wonderful brightness. Ferns of every description, strong sword, dainty maiden-hair and sturdy brake form a delicious tangle with the trailing vines of the luxuriant blackberry, and the broad-leaved salmon berry, with its immense salmon-tinted fruit, grows rank and strong. On and on, through brake and fern, straining every sense to its utmost, following some especially lovely bit until it vanishes, noting with eager delight how the scarlet bunches of elderberry gleam like brilliant jewels along the way, peeping into tantal-



ENGINEERS' CAMP ON THE EVERETT & MONTE CRISTO RAILWAY, IN THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS.

and so to-day the marvels of our own Monte Cristo are greater than the splendor of the old.

One would be sorely disappointed after setting out for this destination if his route lay over a quiet plain and ended before a series of sandstone ridges, monotonous in form and color, and half the romance would have vanished before the points could be reached; but such a disappoint-

izing pools where the sky-speckled beauties tempt the latent sportsman instinct and would induce the most worldly minded to perch on an overhanging bank and swing an engaging fly out over the emerald water—on past lumber mills, shingle mills and camping spots, until the bottom lands are past, and the increased labor of our giant locomotive, a mountain climber with six



FIRST BUILDINGS ERECTED IN MONTE CRISTO, WASHINGTON.

drivers, shows that we are ascending the canon of this same tranquil stream. Tranquil has ceased to be an appropriate adjective, however, and the attention which has all along been tranquil too, becomes intense, rapt, and quiet, because of the inefficiency of words to express the faintest idea of the delight which possesses us.

What power sent this body of water plunging down through these mighty rocks that threaten it on either side, and thrust themselves insolently in its very path, only to be mocked at and dashed over every instant by the blinding snow of crystal spray that dances riotously along upon the green water? Up we go, the scene growing more rapturous every moment, and down comes that torrent with its message from the snow-covered heights above, which with all haste and mad tumult it must bear away to the sea, and the path of the river grows narrower and more difficult, and the rocks rise steep and precipitous on either hand, their sides hung with richest tapestry of moss and vine and fern, and we wind close, close to the winding river, darting occasionally through the dark heart of a hill that would afford us no way around, and coming out again suddenly, always upon a new and more enchanting vision of

turbulent water and foaming spray and emerald background.

Silverton, a mining camp far up in the hills, is the last stop where we see any signs of habitation, and here is a picturesque mountain retreat where dozens of prospectors congregate and discuss "leads" and claims, and exchange stories of wild adventure in their lonely and often perilous calling. Here and there, as we climb to the summit, we cross the track of a mountain cataraact, that leaps from some one of these crowding peaks in one wild dash for liberty, or flings itself desperately over rock and shrub, breaking its heart into shuddering spray and crashing madly to the bottom in a roar of triumphant achievement. As the road turns the mountains close in upon us, and seem following in our wake, and for the moment we are fairly apprehensive that Mt. Pilchuck will actually press down upon our rushing engine. Sublimity and grandeur, wild magnificence and startling beauty are but feeble expressions when applied to the wonderful panorama unfolded in this ride of some sixty miles, and it is with overwhelming feelings of awe and admiration that we arrive at the summit, three thousand feet above the sea.



MAYFLOWER GLACIER, NEAR THE EVERETT &amp; MONTE CRISTO RAILWAY, CASCADE MOUNTAINS.

Crossing the divide, we descend into the Sauk Valley, a descent of but a few hundred feet, then climb to its head, where, lying in quiet picturesqueness, suggesting nothing so much as a tiny Swiss village under its sheltering hills; we stop at the sound of the magical name "Monte Cristo!" The genial conductor, to whom we have been indebted for information along the line, directs us to the office of the superintendent, and we seek, in the hour before the train starts back, to learn as much as may be of this daring feat, which has made it possible, from these almost inaccessible eyries to procure the ores rich in all precious metals, and has placed them, at enormous expense and untold risk, within reach of the commerce of the world. Here were gathered a typical company of miners, and we were filled with regret that our stay could not be prolonged, for every moment seemed to open new opportunities for seeing and knowing more of this wonderful spot. Away above our heads, more than half a mile as the bird flies, we discerned, perched on a craggy point, a tiny building. "That," said Mr. Mercer, the superintendent, "is the entrance to the mine of the Wilman Mining Company, and their tunnel runs far back into the mountain."

At another spot, so far that we but just could behold it, we were shown the point where the "Pride" mine tramway passes over the hill, a tram six thousand six hundred feet long, of which fourteen hundred feet spans a gully of over four hundred feet in depth, and the immense buckets come traveling down this endless cable, bringing in the heavy galena ores to the discharge terminal, where they are crushed and sent on their downward course to the immense concentrator, just completed, which will handle four hundred tons of ore daily. We had just time to glance at the immense machinery; to note the tremendous difficulty attendant upon accomplishing the work that has been done, to imagine this nest in the mountains filled to the depth of twenty feet with snow for months; to fancy the perils of the brave prospectors who first sighted and located these cleverly hidden treasures, the first of which was sighted with a glass at a distance of six miles, by J. L. Pearsall.

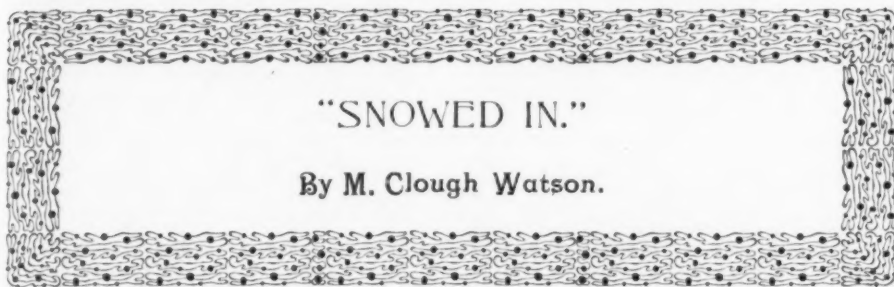
We gasp, "How wonderful!" and wish that a week instead of an hour were ours in Monte Cristo when we were obliged to hurry down the steep path, offer our apologies to the conductor, whose kindness had saved us from being left, and our appetites for the beautiful whetted to their keenest by what we had beheld, we go whizzing down the incline that lost none of its beauty by being viewed conversely. Again the steep walls rose threateningly above us, and sent their ice-cold rivulets plunging headlong to the river that sang and danced and roared and rushed and never ceased in its frenzied efforts to pour itself into the arms of the sea which hushes it up evermore. Again the forests gave us their message of peace and quiet, and the scarlet berries flamed like rubies through the greenwood. "Earth seemed crammed with heaven, and every common bush affire with God!" and when at last we dropped down the quiet river banks and came upon the broadly stretching sea with the glory of the setting sun full upon it, and the proud young city queening it over land and water in her wonderful development, I added a new scene to the splendid picture that never fails to pass before my mind's eye at the mention of Monte Cristo!

BERNICE E. NEWELL.

#### A Cautious Editor.

Editor L. W. Lanning of the Oakesdale, Wash., *Sun* committed matrimony and has this to say of the affair: "We have no extended remarks to make on this marriage, and all that we will say is that it was the most interesting one that the editor of this paper ever attended."





## "SNOWED IN."

By M. Clough Watson.

It was during the hard times of '74 and '75, we had floundered all day through snow and storm. We were among the Sierras, going east on the old Central Pacific Railroad. We had hitched on an extra locomotive, but were scarcely moving against the heavy pressure of snow. Mountains, rocks, dizzy heights and yawning chasms were alike shrouded in white. The gray sky bent loweringly and the air was thick with snow.

The occupants of our palace car looked nervously from the windows upon the bleak, desolate prospect. The delicate, *passé* lady, wife of the rotund California capitalist, drew her rich furs about her and sighed. The Sacramento school-ma'am, who had been the life of our set, buried herself in her novel. The fat old lady and gentleman from Virginia City woke up and looked out apprehensively. The gentlemen yawned, and threw down their two-days-old newspapers. A party who had diligently played whist for six hours dropped their cards in disgust. Our San Francisco gamblers forgot the brandy cocktails that had relieved the tedium of the way for them; and, in fact, a telepathic current of unspoken discomfort and apprehension seemed to be felt throughout the car. Evidently it was a bad outlook; we were decidedly in for it.

One passenger, however, did not seem to care much; that was a young girl in a gray traveling dress who had been noticeably reticent all the way. She gazed as unconcernedly upon the edifying drifts as she had upon the groves and vineyards of the Pacific Slope. She was petite, with brown eyes and golden hair, and not more than eighteen or nineteen years of age; not what you would call pretty—she was too thin and sad-looking for that, with a peculiar wistfulness in her soft brown eyes that seemed to say life had not been a holiday with her. As she sat looking out listlessly, she thought the storm could matter little to her—only a few days more or less on the road. She was hurrying to meet no friends; nobody would be anxious about her if she failed to arrive on time. Nobody was waiting expectantly for the poor little traveler to drift home into loving arms. Maybe a thought passed through her mind of the father who had died in unfriendly Nevada, leaving her destitute among strangers; of the bitter days following; of the cold invitation to a life of dependence among distant relatives in Chicago, and of her acceptance and consequent journey. Ah, it was all very dreary, and the future blank indeed. It seemed fitting enough to her that the thickness of storm and tempest should fill the air and the train shiver in the gale like a frightened creature.

"Poor child," thought a grave, kindly gentleman as he looked over from his comfortable rugs. "Poor little one, what do her friends mean that they allow such a child to travel alone over this wild road? Ah me, she is just the creature one would wish to shield from all contact with the rude world."

Albert Maldon turned away, and there flitted through his mind the vision of a fair, false face that had made his early manhood desolate, and had driven him to the Pacific Slope, where, in working to banish thought and memory, fortune

had smiled upon him; the ledges had yielded up their golden stores and he had become a rich and influential man. The old wound sometimes pained him yet, but it had not robbed him of the strength and grace of his manhood. The well-springs of his heart were deep and unsullied as in his youth.

Still it snowed. The great plows were of little use now, and the train tugged slowly on, pulled by three locomotives. Dismay settled down upon the travelers as evening approached. Nobody would go to bed while the situation remained so uncertain. The lamps shone drearily upon the silent passengers. The engines puffed and throbbed and the plows threw out great white billows on either side; but the snow fell so fast and the wind so stubbornly drifted it upon the track again, that the train made slow progress. Our eyes could pierce the density of the air but a few yards, and through the snow-wreaths and the approaching darkness, the tall mountains, through which we were floundering, loomed up on either hand like white-robed ghosts. At length all motion ceased; the team of locomotives came to a stand; we were "snowed in."

These words convey a terrible meaning on the summit passes of the bleak Sierras, far from coal or wood depots, or from any station, and short of food. It was especially unfortunate at that time, when the Pacific road spanned an almost uninhabited waste of rugged mountains and dreary desert. The few necessary stations were far apart, and often badly supplied. When it was known, however, among the passengers that we must remain where we were, at least all night, there was a peculiar feeling of relief experienced by all, as if the worst had come and we must make the best of it. It had only been a few years that we people of the Pacific Coast had been able to cross the continent by rail, and, with the memory of our former laborious and hazardous journeys by stage and wagon fresh in our minds, we could not remain badly discouraged by a calamity like this.

Conversation was resumed, the whist party commenced a new game, the San Francisco gamblers went back to their brandy cocktails, and by ten o'clock the orderly ones were snugly in bed, as if the dreadful wilderness was not about us with its grim desolation and the tempest laying siege to our bedroom in the pitiless darkness. All night dispatches were flying over the wires, but the storm increased in fury along the road, and the locomotives, laboring up to our assistance, floundered among the drifts, fifty miles away.

Morning dawned drearily, and the prospect was, if possible, more dismal than on the preceding night. The gray light showed a most cheerless outlook. Everything was wrapped in a white blanket, and the storm had not abated. The plow was of no use whatever; the locomotives could not move. Presently the uncomfortable fact became known that we were economizing our fuel. A few of the old-timers exchanged lugubrious glances at this fresh complication. The ladies curled up in their wraps. It looked as if there were danger of an extended imprisonment. A few passengers had lunch-baskets, and

kindly invited their less fortunate neighbors to breakfast with them. The porters handed around rations of bitter coffee and crackers. At that time passengers depended entirely upon the large eating stations along the road; for the buffet and dining-car had not made its appearance on the Union and Central Pacific roads. During our impromptu breakfast a few jovial spirits tried to give the situation a humorous turn; but the smiles that answered these efforts were forced and abortive. By noon we were dismally quiet. But brown-eyed Myra Edwards, the young orphan girl from Nevada, seemed altogether indifferent to her surroundings. It seemed to her that the situation harmonized well with the desolation of her young life. She rather welcomed this reprieve from the cold welcome of unwilling friends. Albert Maldon looked up from his book and wondered at the indifference of her pale face. Presently he went over to her, and noticing her wraps were scanty, brought one of his own rugs and arranged it comfortably about her. He was repaid by a bright smile and thanks.

"You are too young to be traveling alone over this road," he said gently.

"Oh, I am used to being alone," she replied, with a little tinge of sadness. So the conversation drifted along until he knew her pitiful little story. It seemed natural to her that she should confide in him, as he was so grave and seemed so protective in his mature manhood, and with those kindly eyes and gentle ways.

"If only this child had some strong, true man to protect and cherish her," thought Albert Maldon; but he sighed as he remembered his own blighted life and premature old age. "I will look after her on this trip," thought he, "for I am old enough to be her father."

But sweet, trustful eyes looked into his, and he forgot his disappointment, his mature years and gravity, and told stories of early California life and discussed books and current topics with his peculiar grace of refinement and education. Myra was charmed from her reticence, and delighted her companion with her fresh young thoughts and piquant conversation, which revealed a pure heart and cultivated mind. So the hours flew by until it was late in the afternoon. The lunch-baskets were again brought into requisition and rations of crackers were again distributed among the unfortunates.

It was a heavy train. This was in the early days of the road and, as was often the case at that time, a car filled with poor, dispirited emigrants, returning East, had been coupled on to the express. Albert Maldon, walking the length of the train, found some of these poor people suffering from cold and hunger. How he longed for food to distribute among them! It wrung his heart to hear the poor little children crying for bread; though as a rule the emigrants had been more provident, or more economical, than the first-class passengers, and were, for the most part, supplied with hampers of coarse but substantial food.

He found one invalid lady utterly exhausted from illness, fatigue, want of nourishment and sleepless nights in the crowded and uncomfortable car. A little child clung to her, fretting and crying, and thus adding to her distress. She had evidently been delicately reared, and seemed to shrink from contact with her rough companions. She bore unmistakable marks of being in the later stages of a decline, and exposure and fatigue had induced a fever that burned brightly in her cheeks and eyes. Maldon turned to the conductor, who had joined him in his tour of inspection.

"We must give this lady a berth," said he; "she is very sick."

The conductor bit his lip. "I don't know how it can be done; every berth it occupied."



"She shall have mine," said Maldon; "I am strong and can stay up."

So the poor mother was removed to more comfortable quarters. Maldon smiled as he saw the pretty child, after being fed and warmed, sit by Myra's side, laughing outright at her quaint nursery stories.

The day was far spent, and still the storm continued; the wind penetrated about the windows and doors of the emigrant car, and the hungry, ill-clad people shivered in helplessness akin to despair. Some sat in sullen apathy; others cried and prayed, while still others grumbled and cursed their fate. The terrible fact was finally whispered about that the coal was almost exhausted.

"As for us," said Albert Maldon, who had instinctively and by common consent placed himself at the head of affairs, "as for us, we can go to bed for the night, wrap up and be tolerably comfortable; but these poor people in the emigrant car will suffer terribly this stormy night without fire; for the train men say there is no wood to be had within any safe distance, and refuse to risk their lives in the storm trying to get any on the mountains. Now I propose to take an ax, go up the canyon and cut down some of the straggling cedars and spruce that I know are there and draw them down to the train for fuel. Who will go with me?"

"I will!" and "I will!" The San Francisco gamblers were the first to volunteer. They had always held life cheap—why not lose it at last, if need be, in some good cause?

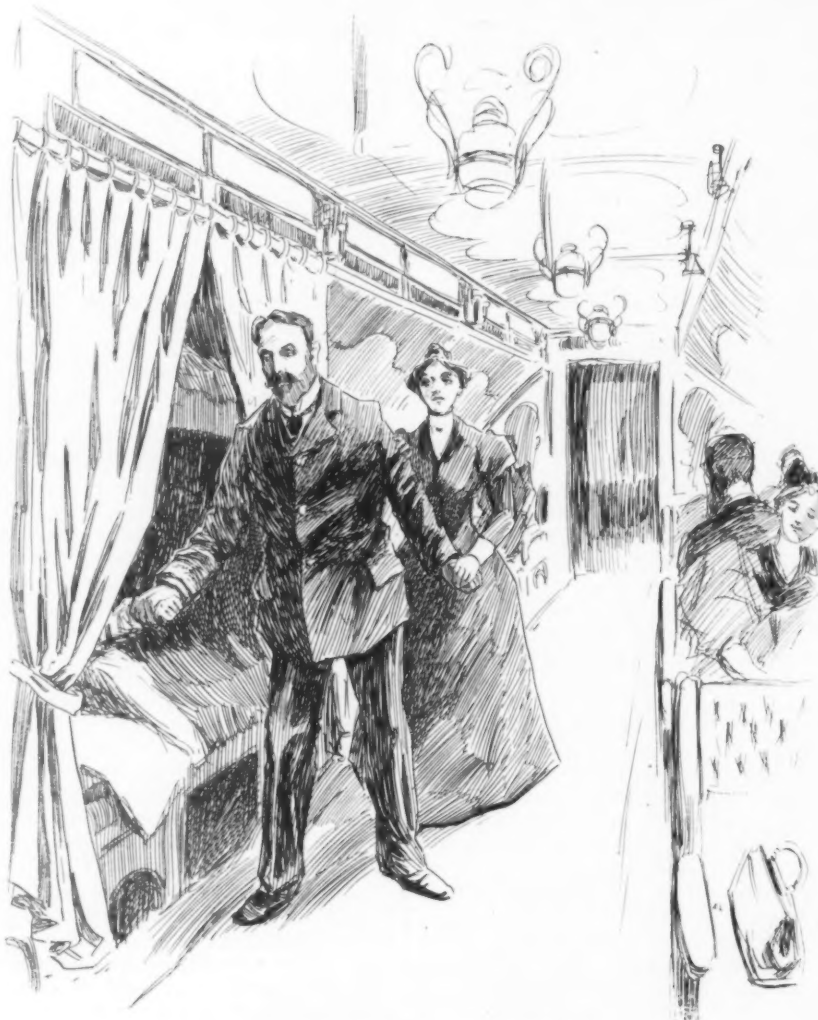
A dozen or more stout young men, led by the resolute Maldon, armed themselves with axes and started out. Myra turned pale as she saw her new-found friend sink to the waist in the drifts as the party plunged and floundered along the side of the treacherous mountain, where an unlucky step might precipitate them into a chasm hundreds of feet in depth. As she looked they were closed around by the driving snow and gathering shadows and were lost to view. Myra pressed her hand to her throbbing heart and breathed a prayer for the safe return of her benefactor.

The delicate wife of the California capitalist murmured that the rest of us might as well die at once, since the only ones that could protect and help us had made a final sacrifice of themselves, and she cried softly behind her lace handkerchief, glancing occasionally at her stolid lord, who made no attempt to console her.

The hours dragged on, and no one would retire to bed while those brave fellows were out, no one knew where, toiling for others, with the cruel snow drifting about and blinding them, lost, or perhaps freezing on the desolate mountain.

Meanwhile the sick woman grew delirious and moaned sadly. The frightened child began to cry, and Myra, taking her tenderly in her arms, sat telling her fairy stories to quiet her fears. The young girl forgot herself and her sorrows in ministering to the little one, and watching the child's sweet blue eyes and delicate face, framed in with yellow curls. The Sacramento school-ma'am had, from the first, installed herself as nurse to the unfortunate invalid, and had been constantly busy with kind offices for her. There was, fortunately, a physician on board with his traveling-case of medicines, who did all that was possible for her. This was little, after all; for, sick of a lingering consumption, she had no strength to rally from the effects of the exposure and fatigue she had endured, and it was evident that a general collapse might hourly be expected.

Night shadows gathered around. No sound was heard but the sound of the tempest outside, the audible shivering of the beleaguered car, and the occasional moan of the unconscious invalid.



"HE PRESSED THE FLUTTERING HAND IN HIS OWN."

"Shall I read a prayer?" said the Sacramento school-ma'am. No one replied, and presently a clear, sad voice repeated from the Episcopal service the commendatory prayer for the sick unto death, solemnly dropping into the appeal for all present—"Let Thy Holy Spirit lead us through this vale of misery."

It was wonderfully soothing, and brought back to Myra the memory of her early childhood, of the wide farm-house, of the prayer at her mother's knee, of the roses and honeysuckles about the door; and, catching their faint, far-off fragrance, she fell asleep.

A welcome hurrah greeted the gallant woodcutters as they trooped down the mountain, dragging their precious freight of fuel. The poor emigrants shouted and wept for joy. This, for them, meant respite from suffering, perhaps death. Willing hands soon hewed the trees into fuel; fires were rekindled and refreshments were served to the heroes. But Albert Maldon did not tarry among them. Shaking the snow from his beard and clothes he sought the car that held what had become very dear to him.

On the desolate mountain, when blinded and bewildered, and, for the time, unable to determine his course by his pocket compass, he felt that he and his party were lost. He had sunk down with his companions to rest a while, for he had carefully kept them all together. It was then that the image of sweet Myra Edwards had filled him with new energy and urged on his weary steps, when cold and fatigue had well-nigh overcome him. In that leveling hour it did not seem to matter that he was twice as old as she; his love reached over the gulf of years

and gathered her to his bosom. The bitterness of the past was lost in this all-absorbing devotion. But now that he had returned, other thoughts came; the world was a conventional world after all. He had known her but a few days, and had no right to think of her, alone and without protection as she was; besides, how could he ever ask her to link her fresh young life with his mature and clouded one? It seemed to him that it would be unnatural for her to care for him, save as a grave, elderly friend. The vigorous man of thirty-eight felt himself to be a centenarian beside this fair child. He resolved never to wound her by telling her of his love, though he felt it would be eternal.

Ah, what is this! In the dim light, with the sweet, warm face of the child pressed against her own, now growing cold in the freezing temperature, Myra sat in the dull lethargy that creeps over mind and body till, clutching the heart with icy fingers, it becomes death. Albert Maldon took in the situation at a glance. The girl had given her wraps to the poor emigrants, had rolled the child in her cloak, and thus chilliness and sleep had overtaken her.

He called her gently with no avail; then, tenderly shaking her, he uttered her name. The child gave a peevish cry and nestled its head upon her bosom. The girl's drooping head leaned against the hard casement, and there was a lonely, pitiful expression upon her sweet face, white and still as the face of the dead. In such moments custom and conventionality are forgotten; the affection of a lifetime springs to full growth in a moment. Albert Maldon felt that he had known and loved this girl always—as if a

flash of memory athwart the mystery of some anterior existence declared her to have been his from the beginning. She looked so innocent and helpless that he registered a solemn oath to protect and care for her while life lasted, even if his love remained forever unrequited. He stooped to her waxen hand, and reverently sealed the vow with a kiss. She started, breathing his name in her half sleep; then, opening her eyes and seeing him there, as in a dream—as if in answer to the prayer she had offered for his safety—she dropped her head against his arm and smiled. Remembering herself a moment later, she tried to withdraw from his clasp, but he drew her close to his heart in the flickering shadows, and in her inmost heart she felt at rest.

Now let the wind blow and the snow drift as it will; let ten thousand furies rave for entrance at the doors and windows; the telegraphy of the heart has imparted to each the other's secret, and these two are oblivious of all surroundings in the sweet abandon of new-found happiness.

But soon the lamps were lighted, fires were started and refreshments served sparingly. A thousand questions had to be answered by the sturdy men who had risked their lives for their fellows. The heartfelt protestations of gratitude showered on the relief corps made those heroes blush like schoolboys and hasten to change the drift of thought and conversation. It was easy enough to face danger, but the tears and thanks turned them into abject cowards.

All through the long watches of the night the sick woman moaned in her delirium, and the ladies tenderly cared for her. Before dawn she awoke to consciousness and called for her child. The little girl was brought from the opposite berth, still fast asleep. The mother smiled and kissed the dimpled face held down to hers. Then she called for Albert Maldon; when he came she looked at him wistfully and said: "You do not know me—but I knew you from the first, and you have been so kind. Can you ever forgive me? I am Alice Barton."

The attending ladies retired silently from the bedside, and the two were alone again after years of time and change.

Maldon dropped the wasted hand he had taken in his. This was the woman who had so wronged him and had embittered his whole life. Sick, dying as she was, his heart for an instant cried out against her who had crushed out his youth and hope. It was only for a moment, however. Sorrow had refined and chastened his noble nature. He could not long feel resentment against this wreck of her former self, who had once been so gay and beautiful. He looked pityingly into the sunken eyes and said:

"Certainly I forgive you, Alice. Do not distress yourself. How came you to this strait?"

She told him, in feeble accents, the story of her misery. He already knew of her brilliant marriage and gay life in a foreign metropolis, after which he had lost sight of her altogether. Now, on her death-bed, she told him of her husband's dissipation, and confessed that she, who had never loved him, but had been captivated by his fortune, was powerless to hold him back. He lost heavily at the gaming-table, as well as in reckless speculation and the robbery of professed friends. Financially ruined, broken in health, and too proud to apply to his early friends for aid, he dragged his little family from one city to another, living by gaming; one week in comparative luxury, the next hungry and in a garret. At last they drifted to San Francisco on some venture, and there he met his death in a drunken quarrel. The widow, sick and friendless, in a strange land, disposed of the few jewels and other valuables she still possessed and started across the continent, hoping to die in her old home, although her parents were dead, and

distant relatives occupied the home of her childhood.

That was all, a common enough story, but sad as the story of failure and vice must ever be. She had bitterly atoned for her sin in casting aside the honest devotion of Albert Maldon for the rich and dashing stranger who had taken her fancy.

"And now," she concluded, "if it were not for my child I would die content, for I am tired of life; but who will care for her when her poor mother is gone? My poor baby will be friendless and homeless. It is hard that my sin should be visited upon her innocent head."

Myra had stolen to the bedside and stood by her lover. She now laid her trembling little hand upon his arm and looked wistfully into his face. He glanced into her eyes and read their mute appeal. He pressed the fluttering hand in his own.

"It shall be as you will," he said. Then, to the sick woman, "Alice, we will take the child, and it shall be as our own, thank God."

It was enough; the dying mother knew his promise was as sacred as his oath, and blessed the two as they stood before her. Reading their secret by the clairvoyance of approaching death, she faintly smiled and said: "Albert, you have found your reward for all your years of loneliness in a truer, nobler wife than I could have made you—I, who was so vain and frivolous. She will be as faithful and fond as you deserve. Good-night, God bless you both. Now I will go to sleep."

Myra stooped and kissed the pale cheek, and, smiling still, the mother dropped into a quiet slumber that, a few hours later, slipped gently and painlessly into the long sleep of death. Amid the desolation of the wild Sierras the poor, bruised spirit at last found rest.

A lull in the storm came with the morning, and by ten o'clock the cold air was cut by the ringing shouts of the rescued travelers, as the longed-for locomotives came puffing up to their assistance, with the huge snowplows clearing the road in advance. There was lively work for a while, both for the relief party and us. The passengers turned in with a will to help shovel snow. There was much steaming and skurrying of engines and snowplows back and forth to the switch below; and then, when all was fairly ready, the great breakers of snow were flung up on either side, the long train lurched and groaned, and finally tore itself away from the scene of its long siege and glided off with its snorting team of five locomotives. We were clear of our barricade and were out on the open mountain side, with a comparatively clear road to Ogden. A great shout went up, and again the cheering was renewed until the rocks and canyons took up the cry and echoed it over the mountain peaks.

Food and fire, wine and all necessities were freely provided; and, but for the rigid form behind the curtains in the stateroom, and the hushed atmosphere of death in the palace car, joy would have been complete. When the train arrived in Ogden, Albert Maldon had the poor, emaciated dead placed in a casket. He took it on East to the old home and laid it beside the father and mother, whom death had kindly spared the pain of witnessing the mournful homecoming of their only child.

Six months later, in the glow of early summer, a fair young bride, leaning on the arm of her husband, stood on the rear platform of a west-bound train on the Central Pacific Railroad. They were in a deep cut between gigantic mountains, very near the summit pass. Nature was clad in green verdure and only the frowning peaks were crested and garlanded with snow.

A loving smile lighted the noble face of Albert Maldon as he looked off upon the rugged scenery,

glorified by the golden sunshine of the dying day and looking like a bit of Rasselas' "Happy Valley," in serene and lonely majesty. He looked down upon the beautiful woman, in whose graciously rounded form and happy, love-lighted face one could scarcely recognize the fragile Myra Edwards of the previous winter.

The fond husband took her hand in his and said softly: "How little we dream what golden gift some seemingly adverse fate may bring us."

And she answered gently: "Darling, I remember the place; it was here we were 'snowed in.'"

#### THE RED RIVER VALLEY FOR A HOME.

M. M. Frisselle, M. D., in a letter to the *Northwestern Agriculturist*, says: In my frequent visits to this beautiful fertile valley through which winds the modest Red River of the North for more than a hundred miles, draining a wide reach of territory of more than 300,000 acres, I have always been greatly impressed, not only with the extent, but the possibilities of this rich agricultural section. Still, though the country might be inviting by reason of its fertility and accessibility to a market, with its desirable social and educational advantages, the question of its healthfulness would be a matter of grave importance to a farmer or a person of any other calling who was seriously considering reasons why he should leave his Eastern home for one in the larger and more progressive West. If the climate were unhealthful, if the inhabitants were especially liable to some prevalent disorder, then a considerate man would hesitate long before taking the risk of removing his wife and children to such an exposed and unsafe locality.

Happily for the dwellers in the Red River Valley, there are no such unfavorable conditions. For several years members of my family have resided in this valley, and I have been conversant with many of the people there, besides being acquainted with several of the local physicians. From the testimony of the inhabitants and the vital statistics gathered by medical men, the sound conclusion is readily reached that there are few sections of our country that can rightfully claim greater immunity from ailments induced by climatic or general local causes than this section of country. Cases of malarial or miasmatic fevers, as well as bilious and intermittent fevers, are rare, while zymotic diseases, as diphtheria, dysentery and typhoid fever, only occur when provoked by great carelessness and unnecessary exposure.

In earlier days, when the people lived in poor shanties, with insufficient clothing, with poor protection from the hot summer sun and the severe storm of the winter, both typhoid fever and pneumonia were not uncommon; but with the advent of good roads, good dwellings and a degree of prosperity that secures the common comforts of civilized life, these maladies have practically disappeared, now occurring only in cases of extreme disregard of the common laws of health or from continual exposure to morbid influences.

The entire region is notably free from tuberculosis, there being comparatively few cases of pulmonary consumption, and these are such as have come from other parts for the benefit of the dry and stimulating atmosphere of the country. Many of the invalids whose homes are on the Atlantic sea-board, whose disordered condition is produced or aggravated by the damp, chilling winds that come from the ocean, find themselves much benefited by the climate of Northwestern Minnesota and Northeastern Dakota in the Red River Valley.

With plenty of cheap, fertile land, with abundant transportation facilities furnished by the railroads, with a healthful, invigorating climate and rapidly improving social and educational privileges, the Red River Valley furnishes an inviting field in which to establish a home.



## MY EXPERIENCE IN THE SUNNYSIDE COUNTRY.

By D. R. MCGINNIS, Secretary Commercial Club of St. Paul.

Knowledge of irrigation and its advantages is a sealed book to the average person who lives in the eastern part of the United States where the normal rain-fall is sufficient to raise crops without the artificial application of water. Nine persons intent in the eastern half of our country, if asked what they thought of irrigation would say they supposed it to be an exceedingly costly and difficult manner of raising a crop; something not to be engaged in except as a last resort. This was my opinion until business took me much into Montana in the late '80's where I soon perceived the fact that irrigation, instead of being so undesirable, is in fact a mode of agriculture which obviates many of the difficulties which beset the farmer depending upon rainfall. The large crops of grain, grass and vegetables which I observed in the valleys of Montana, grown with absolute certainty, soon convinced me that if a farmer wants large crops and certain crops, irrigation comes as near securing perfection in farming as can be found upon this uncertain sphere.

Montana, though possessing a climate exceedingly mild for its latitude and capable of a wide range of production, is still a little too cold in most sections to grow the more tender fruits with success. The question arose with me that if irrigation was so successful and profitable in that State, that in climates where fruit raising can be carried on there must be large profits to be derived from it. Following up this line of reasoning, one day in mid-January, 1893, found me at North Yakima, the chief town of the Yakima Valley, in the State of Washington. For a year I had kept my eye on the progress of a large irrigation enterprise there, and judging that at this time this canal had progressed to a point where it would be a success, I determined to invest in fruit lands in this desert valley of Mid-Washington. As soon as I arrived at North Yakima I was besieged by real estate agents who sold lands in small quantities to settlers in the vicinity of that city, but I steadily pursued my original intention of buying land under the big Sunnyside irrigation canal, so the next day I started out with a land agent named Benson, to look at the Sunnyside lands. Just at that time occurred the coldest weather known for years in the Yakima Country, but to a man from North Dakota it was not very cold; in fact it was quite mild when compared to the below-zero weather I had left behind. It is true the wind howled considerably and was laden with snowflakes, but a man from North Dakota does not mind a little thing like that; in fact the weather seemed to worry Benson more than it did his prospective customer.

On the way, Benson, in his peculiar style, con-

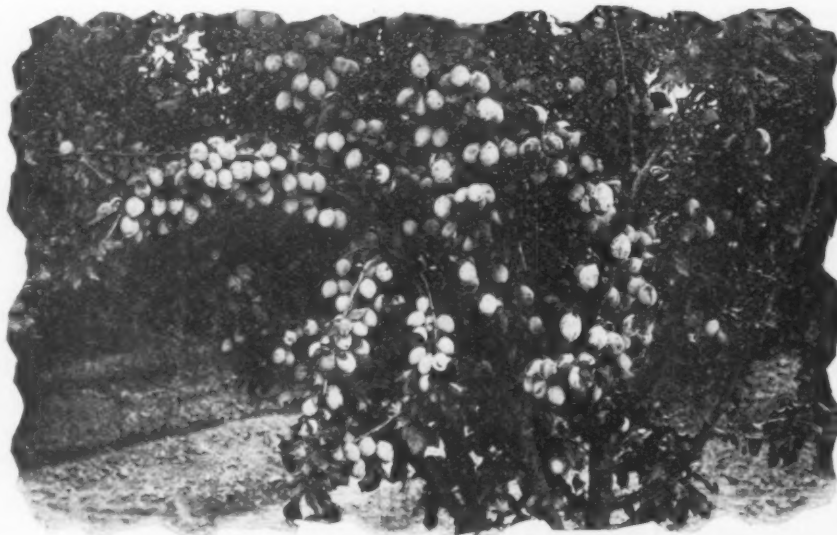
stantly laid great stress on the extraordinary mildness of the Sunnyside climate. As we rode bumping along on the hurricane deck of a spring wagon over the frozen roads and sagebrush of the desert Benson would say: "Why, this is the mildest climate you ever saw—they can grow anything here; in fact it never gets very cold at all." Just at that time my practised eye discovered that his ear looked frost-bitten, and I turned to him and said: "Permit me to observe that your ear is frozen in this balmy, glorious, magnificent Sunnyside climate." The fact is it wasn't very cold, being 16 above, but the temperature was almost unheard-of to a Yakima man; for that particular part of the Sunnyside Country, as a fact, enjoys a climate peculiar to itself, for mildness, being surrounded by hills and mountains which protect it from violent storms and cold winds. The result of the trip was I purchased twenty acres of sagebrush land down in section twenty-nine, town ten, range twenty-three east, called "the banner section of

taken place in the meantime. The sagebrush in section twenty-nine had been largely cleared away, and in its place were fields of waving corn, alfalfa, and other crops a green more intense than one would see in the Emerald Isle. This was rendered doubly conspicuous by contrast with the pale, brown, dusty earth, and the dull color of the surrounding sage brush. A week on my brother's farm convinced me that the summer climate of the Sunnyside Country was not to be dreaded at all; in fact I found the weather delightful; the temperature rose to 90 or 100 at noon, but the air was so dry I could wear my coat without inconvenience, and work in the sun. Already by sunset a delightful coolness pervaded the atmosphere and just before sunrise it was even unpleasantly cool. Careful observation soon convinced me that a splendid opportunity offered itself here to develop the country and induce immigration of Eastern people to it. I concluded that if they knew its advantages they would desire to make their homes in a mild climate like this where plowing is carried on all winter, and where irrigation makes crops not only sure, but excellent in quality and large in amount. Soon I made an arrangement with the irrigation company to advertise the country and sell land for them, and also start a town about two miles west of mine and my brother's farm, near the eastern point of Snipes Mountain, where there was a strip of land about six miles wide, lying between the ditch and the Yakima River, that could be irrigated. It is true that even thus early there were mutterings of discontent among the settlers, but without reason, in most cases.

Their claim was that the irrigation company had not supplied water enough for them to raise their crops, and that the ditch was so poorly constructed that it would not hold water. The sequel, however, showed that those who had used the water when they did get it, raised fair and even excellent crops, but the irrigation company, acting more kindly than business-like, imprudently offered to indemnify the settlers for the loss of their crops, whereupon most of them thought that this would be an easy way to get money by selling crops to the irrigation company that were never raised and consequently many stopped trying to raise a crop which might not prove to be as profitable as the golden vision which floated before their eyes of being

paid for a crop without the trouble of raising it. Some of the settlers became discouraged, but I did not for a moment lose sight of the fact that here was a magnificent climate and an irrigation canal with a more certain supply of water for its size than that of any other in the United States, which meant sure crops, large crops, and a comfortable living, all in the balmy climate of that country.

I knew there were thousands of people in the East whose eyes had been drawn toward the grand State of Washington for years by the magnificent system of advertising done by the Northern Pacific Railroad. The reader must discriminate between Western Washington and Central Washington. Western Washington has a mild climate and very heavy rainfall. Central Washington, in which the Sunnyside Country is located, has a mild climate and very little rainfall; not enough in fact to raise crops without irrigation. Well, the up-shot of it was, that I arranged



A PLUM TREE IN THE SUNNYSIDE COUNTRY, CENTRAL WASHINGTON.

the Sunnyside Country," but I did not then intend to live in the country, for I knew that the summers were very long and warm; I merely bought the property as an investment. About this time my brother had purchased land in the same section, on my advice, and in March he moved there with his family from Central Illinois, from the green fields and rich corn country of that section, to land under the recently-constructed irrigation ditch—for at that time the ditch had just been built and settlement had only commenced; for in a desert country like the Yakima Valley it is useless to try farming without an abundant supply of water for irrigation. The climate in fact is so dry that the ground in its natural state is either perfectly bare of grass or sparsely covered in patches here and there.

After my land was purchased I returned East, and in the month of August went again to the Yakima Valley, but a great change had



with the irrigation company to colonize their lands and I felt so confident of the value of the land that I offered to take my pay for advertising in commission on sales I made, so that October 15th, 1893, found me on the ground ready for operations, after having closed a contract with the irrigation company to sell their lands for them. The farmers had taken a small irrigation canal through the western end of the Sunnyside Country a number of years before, so I had a section of the Sunnyside about nine miles long and one mile wide already settled and under irrigation, to show what the country would do.

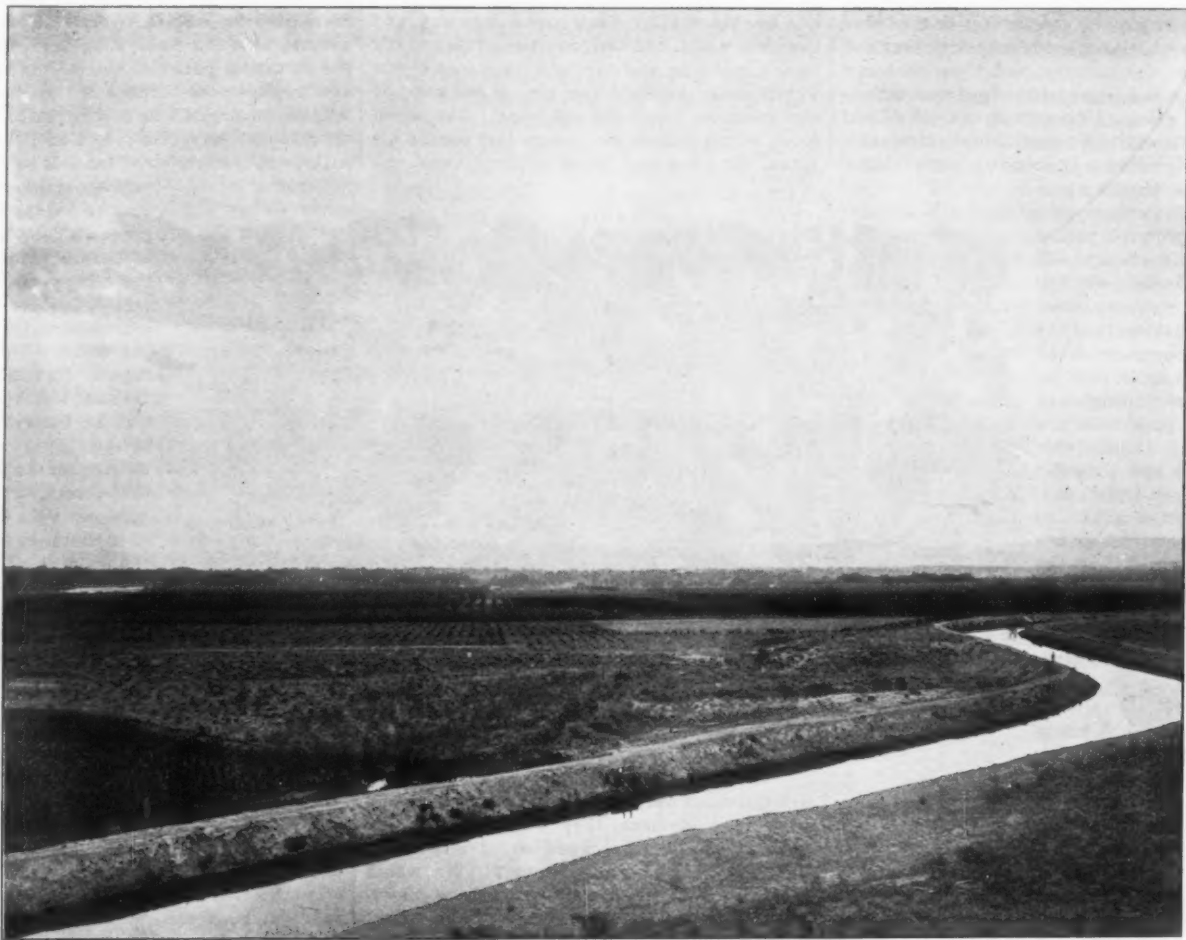
The principal reason why I undertook the development of the Sunnyside Country was because my own observation showed that it was hard work to induce an Eastern farmer to believe that the light, ashy, apparently barren, worthless-looking soil had any strength in it, or would pro-

able of irrigation, within a radius of six miles, which was sure to support a town of 6,000 inhabitants, as is the case in older irrigated countries with a similar climate and products.

I had written to all of my Eastern correspondents not to come to Sunnyside until the first of March, for I did not expect the town to be in existence until then. By January 15th, however, people began to get off the train at Mabton, the railroad station for Sunnyside, and start for the town which was yet in existence only to the imagination. The result was that the growth of the place was rapid, and by the first of February a store, a good hotel, a livery stable, a lumber yard and various other buildings composed the embryo "city." And now commenced the tug of war. Real estate was dull in Washington and it soon became noised abroad that settlers and land buyers were coming to the Sunnyside Country,

by the time Sunnyside was in sight the sentiments of the travelers found vent in many cuss words. In fact, without exception, every new comer, after this preliminary experience, said in affirmative tones that the country was a fraud; that every man who had anything to say in favor of it was an unmitigated liar and ought to get off the earth. I had to take the brunt of this, for the correspondence had been carried on with me.

The country here was new, as the canal had just been built and the claims which I made were apparently so much at variance with the appearance of the country that I made no effort to make them think differently until I had shown them the fruit orchards in the older settled part at the western end. I knew it was no use to do so, as it would not dispel the unfavorable opinion an Eastern settler always has of the desert country when he first sees it. The absence of vegetation



ON THE SUNNYSIDE IRRIGATING CANAL, IN CENTRAL WASHINGTON.

duce any kind of a crop whatsoever; but with a large extent of the Sunnyside already abounding in rich orchards and alfalfa, wheat fields and hop ranches under cultivation, and returning profits so enormously greater than those of the best tilled farms in the East, that it was almost beyond bounds of belief, I felt safe that I could convince all who came. The result was that I began advertising in the East, and continued it with such activity throughout the winter that I often received from forty to seventy-five letters a day, in reply to all of which I wrote a personal letter, giving what I believed to be an absolutely true statement of the condition of the country. In the meantime I had arranged with the irrigation company to start a new town, before mentioned, at the east end of Snipes Mountain. I felt convinced that at this point there must grow an important town, by reason of the fact that it was surrounded by 30,000 acres of land, all cap-

able so that pretty soon a number of real estate agents came to the country trying to profit by the business that had been worked up by myself. Then every little surrounding town became violently jealous, and did not see why "it" should not receive the immigration which it had never had anything to do with creating. The train would stop at Mabton, and people would get off and ask: "Where is Sunnyside? I am on my way to Sunnyside." By this time a farmer living near Sunnyside had started a stage-coach which was to take the people from the railway to Sunnyside. As soon as the Yakima River was crossed at Morgan's Ferry, one mile and a half away, and when the settlers began to roll over the dusty undulations peculiar to that part of the Sunnyside Country, composed of what appeared to them to be pure sand but in reality was fine volcanic ash, covered with dreary looking, bedraggled sagebrush, there came a revulsion of feeling and

he attributes to poverty of the soil, when in reality it is caused by lack of moisture to make things grow; for analysis shows that the most worthless soil of that country is in reality more fertile than the richest, blackest loam of an Illinois prairie, or a Minnesota valley, for it is this very pale, brown, volcanic ash that will raise ten tons of hay per year, and repeat the performance indefinitely. So my efforts were directed to keeping new settlers from leaving until the next morning when we would start westward for the irrigated, settled country. The dark looks and the remarks made by my prospective customers did not dishearten me, for I knew this would be all changed before nightfall, and it always was. Passing the village of Zillah, the first thing that would attract the attention of my proposed land purchasers was a section just north of the town upon which nearly every twenty acres had a farm house, with alfalfa fields and beautiful orchards

of young fruit trees and hop fields, which supported the people living upon these Lilliputian farms in comfort and happiness, and was yielding a much larger revenue than 160 acres in the East which has to depend entirely upon rainfall. A mile farther west the tenderfoot would always point to the top of the hill and say: "What kind of brush is that growing on that hill?" I would answer: "Oh, that is not brush; it is just a 110-acre peach orchard—that is all."

Our next stop was at one of the finest fruit farms in the Sunnyside Country—"The Bicknell orchard;" for "old man Bicknell" was one of the first fruit raisers in the Sunnyside Country, and his orchard is the most attractive of any in that locality. I made it a point that my Eastern customers should always see this magnificent orchard of prune trees, apple trees, peach trees, cherry trees, grape vines, and various other fruits, each tree perfect in body and limb, and in fact, every tree perfect of its kind. They would then and there give up and indulge in the other extreme of enthusiasm, and take back all they had said against the country, and they were now ready to buy land, and could not get back to Sunnyside too quick to do so; but the other real estate agents, who had done nothing to direct this tide of immigration to the country, were lying in wait, so that when my people returned to Sunnyside they were worried nearly to death with offers to sell improved lands, already sold by the company some time before, at less than the irrigation company asked for its wild lands, still unsold. For many people had previously gone into the country with unreasonable expectations and they felt dissatisfied with the existing condition of affairs, as many of them had set out their orchards before the land had been properly prepared or irrigated, and without protection against the jackrabbits, which are in fact a serious drawback, as they eat the tender, green bark of the young fruit trees; for they love it as the young pickaninny does a watermelon. Finding their mistake, like many other new arrivals in the West, they now wanted to sell out and go off to some other fancied elysium or repurchase lands again in the Sunnyside; for in most cases it would be cheaper for them to buy fresh land and improve than to try to rectify mistakes already made. These people, if they could not sell their lands to home-seekers, would then whisper to them, "If you do not buy of me, do not buy at all. The land company won't do as it says, and the big canal up yonder on the hillside is sure not to furnish water this year for irrigation; but if you do decide to buy from the company, go and buy time-checks for fifty cents on the dollar, and they will receive them in payment for their lands." The result was that the men who returned from the fruit orchards ready and anxious to buy were now so confused between the desperate efforts made by the real estate men and the conflicting statements made by them, each in his own interest, with little regard for the actual facts in the case, that my hard work was often of no avail, and in many cases settlers were lost to the country. The most difficult thing I had to deal with was the general hostility to the irrigation company, either for real or fancied grievances, by a number of those people who had previously settled under the canal.

While the canal proves that it was well and substantially built, and capable of delivering sufficient water to irrigate all its lands, the management lost the confidence of the settlers by not furnishing water promptly to them at first, and not living up to some of the promises which they claimed were made to them.

An instance which came under my personal observation was that of R. D. Young, who located at Sunnyside. This gentleman was possessed of considerable means, and became the purchaser of forty acres of land, after spending several weeks and very carefully examining the entire country, both in the vicinity of North Yakima and under the Sunnyside canal. Mr. Young built a beautiful home on an eminence and was promised water by a pipe line in time to raise his crop his crop of 1894, so he set out many fruit trees, and vines, shrubs, hops, etc., planted corn, potatoes and vegetables of all kinds; but day by day passed and still the promised pipe line was not put in. April passed into May, and the crops which had been nourished into growth by the lingering moisture of winter, soon began to wilt under the warm sun; time passed and still the promised water did not come. The warm south winds eddied the desert dust around his home, his crops and trees withered away, and



HOW BARTLETT PEARS GROW IN THE SUNNYSIDE COUNTRY.

still the water did not come. As soon as the new settlers would come, they would immediately point out this desert spot and say: "What is the matter with that farmer's crop?" We would have to answer: "He has not been able to get water." This was only one of many difficulties I met in trying to sell people land, when almost every settler told them the irrigation company would not live up to its promises to them. These were very serious times with the writer, but notwithstanding all this, settlers did buy land. They came to Sunnyside constantly, and the surrounding country was gradually occupied by an excellent class of settlers from the Mississippi Valley and the Eastern States. They were indeed as fine a class of people as ever braved the difficulties incident to the settlement of any new country, which, under the most favorable conditions, means more or less hardship and discontent. But a country like Sunnyside is bound to become prosperous, and so are those people who have made their homes in it. Nature has done her share for the Sunnyside. Great prosperity is only a question of the fulfillment of promises and equitable treatment to its settlers by the irrigation company. With these requirements fulfilled no power can keep it from becoming one of the most densely populated and wealthiest portions of the United States. It is the garden spot of Wash-

ington; and the Northern Pacific, when fostering all such enterprises, is doing good work. The inception and carrying out of this plan by the man who originated the Sunnyside irrigation enterprise will be a lasting monument to them and it is to be greatly deplored that an unfortunate business management on the part of the irrigation company has so alienated the settlers as to greatly retard its development; for there are thousands of people in the East who need homes in a beautiful climate like the Sunnyside, where ploughing is carried on almost the year round; where the labor is both light and pleasant; where outdoor work can be prosecuted comfortably every month in the year; where there is no mud, no dampness, with its attendant ills; where rheumatism and other ailments peculiar to damp climates are unknown, and where irrigation absolutely controls the production of crops without the possibility of a short yield, much less a failure of quality and in a quantity which is almost incredible to Eastern farmers. In an irrigated country like the Sunnyside, the prosperity of the farmer is governed entirely by his industry and management. There are no hot winds to wither, no drouths to destroy, and no long-continued rains to spoil a crop after it has ripened.

Recurring to the experience of the writer as a land agent, in trying to sell Sunnyside lands, another great difficulty he met with is the fact that at that time there happened to be no irrigated land in all that long stretch of the country leading across Central Washington from Ritzville to Mabton, which was the station for Sunnyside. Many of the new settlers upon looking for the first time at the desert, from the car window, were so discouraged that they never got off the train at all, but passed on through to the coast, greatly disheartened, and certain that they had been misled. The writer was obliged to constantly patrol trains in order to "brace up" these faint hearts. What did the greatest damage to the country was these

would-be settlers who, returning East, reported it as worthless, and for that reason the writer was destined to lose the greater part of the fruits of his labor, as a large number of settlers passed on to the older settled, and higher priced irrigated lands around North Yakima, where they were persuaded that Sunnyside was a waste of sand and alkali, and induced to buy inferior lands at a higher price.

One of the great difficulties met with was the local jealousies throughout the different sections of the valley, which induced the residents of one part to attempt to build themselves up by abusing the other part; whereas the entire country in all parts is desirable for settlement and occupation, wherever sufficient water for irrigation can be supplied. The advice of the writer to all intending to settle in that section of the country is, under no circumstances to permit themselves to be influenced by the statements of jealous real estate agents, but judge for themselves where an excellent supply of water can be had; for upon plenty of water depends the success of farming in a desert country. The Sunnyside Country especially has thousands of acres of land entirely free from alkali and stone, and ready and willing to yield up its stores of fertility for the benefit of the home-seeker who settles upon them.

I will no doubt be asked what are the draw-



backs of the Sunnyside Country. It is quite true that in no place in this world are there places where every prospect pleases and perfection reigns. The writer's greatest objection to the Sunnyside Country, and in fact all parts of the Western country, arises from the dust at certain seasons of the year. There being no rain in any quantity after April 15th, the ground soon becomes dried up; and although strong winds are not a feature of the climate the soil is so powdery that at times it is blown hither and thither in clouds. This condition of affairs often lasts for two or three days at a time. This is a great trial to the house-wife, and is also a detriment to the country. But this is common in all deserts the world over, and no part of the Pacific Coast is free from dust in the summer time. Aside from this the climate of Washington is immensely superior to that of any part of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. Dust may be disagreeable but it does not effect the prosperity of the country to any great extent. With increasing settlement and growth of vegetation, coupled with saturation of the land from numerous irrigation ditches, the dust will decrease until it will be comparatively unnoticed.

The greatest objection the writer found to the country was the jackrabbit, who finds in the sagebrush a most congenial hiding place from which to sally forth to eat the farmer's crops and nibble his fruit trees. The jack is a great drawback to the country and is not to be despised; but the farmers are learning to cope with him. Woven wire fences will keep the rabbits away from the fruit trees while they are young, and poison greatly diminishes their numbers. And lastly, we must not forget the coyote, for he is a harmless animal who takes a noticeable part in ridding the country of the all-pervading jack.

The country is remarkably free from illness of any kind and the writer can say with positiveness that there is no place in the United States

like it for the cure of consumption or throat diseases. In fact, these ailments cannot exist in this dry, pure, balmy air, and no disease is epidemic. Capable of producing large crops and a greater variety than any other part of the United States, the Sunnyside Irrigated country must inevitably become one of the most densely settled regions in the Union. The fertility of the soil and the certainty of crops will accomplish this. As time goes on the defective management of the irrigation company will be corrected, then nothing will stand in the way of its march to prosperity.

#### PROFIT IN FLAX.

The luck of the Red River Valley farmer in raising a big flax crop is talked about wherever the facts are reported. Last spring one of the large Red River farmers had 2,100 acres of land ready for a wheat crop. He was heavily in debt and the prospect seemed hopeless if wheat was raised. Owing over \$20,000 lost on past wheat crops, he consulted with his creditors, and all hands agreed to take the chance on sowing flax. This was done, and fortune favored the plan by giving the farmer a yield of thirteen bushels to the acre. He sold for about \$1.20 a bushel, and realized in gross receipts \$32,000 for the crop in cash. He has paid his debts and is said to have \$10,000 in the bank as a result of his foresight. Had he put in wheat, and had even as good a crop, the price would have left him in the "hole" to practically the same extent as ever.

#### HUGE HAIL STONE.

Prof. Cleveland Abbe includes the following among his notes in the *Monthly Weather Review* for July: On June 3rd a tornado passed north-eastward through the counties of Harney, Grant, and Union, in Eastern Oregon. The most novel feature attending the disturbance was the hail.

It is stated that the formation was more in the nature of sheets of ice than simple hailstones. The sheets of ice averaged three to four inches square, and from three-fourths of an inch to one and a half inches in thickness. They had a smooth surface, and in falling gave the impression of a vast field or sheet of ice suspended in the atmosphere, and suddenly broken into fragments about the size of the palm of the hand. During the progress of the tornado at Long Creek a piano was taken up and carried about a hundred yards.

#### THE NORTHMOST MINE.

The northmost mine of the world, known as the "Omalk" mine, is situated on Fish River, in the extreme northwestern part of Alaska, near Golovin Bay. This point is one thousand miles northwest of Sitka, the latitude being 65 degrees north, longitude 164 degrees west. The ore, which is found in rich veins, is galena, consisting of 75 per cent of lead and carrying 143 ounces of silver to the ton. On account of its extreme Northern position it is, of course, impossible to work the mine during the winter season. The work is carried on by a picked body of men, who make the trip in an especially chartered ship every spring, and return early in the autumn. The provision and mining equipment must, of course, be carried by the mining party, since the mine is far from the borders of civilization. The party reports that the Esquimaux are a peaceable people, and are very quick to learn the ways of the Americans. In many cases they are employed about the mine with very satisfactory results. It has been the experience of this party that the climate of Alaska is not so severe as is generally supposed. The summers are warm and pleasant. All of the party are enthusiastic over the immense resources of Alaska, and prophesy a bright future for the country.

### THE MAID O' SHINGLE CRICK.

Yonder in ther medder, whar the shadders speck the brook;  
Whar my fancy steals in twilight with the gath'rin' o' the rook;  
Whar her eyes so blue an' tender, an' 'er smile so sweetly quick,  
Comes to greet me as I ramble—down the vale o' Shingle Crick.

Thar she 'pears to me in visions (though she doesn't 'pear to you)  
A rompin' whar the violets sleep in the silver dew,—  
An' the buttercups an' daisies an' the bluebells nod an' dream—  
A list'nin' to the frogs croak out their weird, mysterious theme!

Whar she peeps from pink poke-bonnet—skips in little checkered dress  
Adown the slopes o' Shingle Crick—er pickin' water cress,—  
An' mushrooms, in the autumn, whar the yellerrhammers pipe  
Upon the lim's o' cherry trees—all loaded down an' ripe!



Or in mid-summer's gloamin' list'nin' to the crickets' lay,  
(Whut noisome music thro' ther night—whut murmur'ous spell by day!)  
Or out ermong the elliun trees, a skinnin' 'em fer tea;  
Or pickin' hawes upon the hills, while singin' songs o' glee.

They isn't fancy manners 'bout this gul o' Shingle Crick,  
An' she doesn't play planners, nor figure 'rithmetic,  
But she's jest a country blossom, smilin' humbly in the sod—  
Afar away from prouder folks—but jest as near to God!

So yer needn't grin an' wonder 'cause I love this quaintly maid,  
Who's nearly six sweet summers old—all sun days without shade!  
Fer her heart's as warm an' loyal as her hair is brown an' thick,  
An' her soul's so pure—it's imaged in the pools o' Shingle Crick!

HARRY WELLINGTON WACK.





#### An Innovation.

The *Thomas Cat* says that a very odd-looking bride's cake was recently presented to a Hot Springs bride by her married sisters. It had on top, made of sugar, miniature flat-irons, scrubbing brushes and brooms, and a crying baby for a center piece, instead of the candy cupids that usually decorate brides' cake.

#### They Wouldn't Stand It.

A Yakima County exchange says: "To prevent rabbits barking trees, rub them with a greasy cloth." That may be all right for Yakima County, but Klickitat rabbits are too wild to ever submit to such indignities; besides, we might rub the wrong rabbit, and let the guilty ones escape.—*Goldendale (Wash.) Sentinel*.

#### The Only Place.

The Hope, Idaho, *Examiner* man, who evidently believes in telling things just as they are, says: "Do not swear. There is no occasion to swear outside of a printing office. It is useful in proof-reading, indispensable in getting forms to press, and has been known to assist in looking over the paper when it is printed; but otherwise it is a very disgusting habit."

#### Learning "the Art Preservative."

Mary Mullen tried to set a "Horse Lost" ad. The man found his horse and traded it for an oil stove and the oil stove blew up and injured his mother-in-law, who was going to stay all winter, and had to go home and get some salve, before Mary got the idea how to hold her thumb to keep the type from wiggling loose. Mary is bright, too, in places.—*Grafton Record*.

#### Address Wanted.

If the gentleman in the piano-box coat and scoop-shovel vest, whose time seemed to be limited in going around the hall and who ran into my kindergarten waltz-step and knocked the poetry of motion out of it, besides breaking the crystal in my high-tide watch, will please send me his address I will publish the name of the swiftest toboggan slide-step dancer of North Dakota.—*Grafton Record*.

#### Feet.

A Valley City shoe dealer springs this one in the *Times-Record*:

There are old feet and young feet,  
And little feet and great,  
Pretty feet and homely feet  
And feet that do not mate.

There are tender feet and tough feet,  
And narrow feet and wide,  
Short feet and long feet,  
And feet you'd like to hide.

It's quite a feat to cover feet,  
In style and comfort too,  
And if this is what you're after,  
I'll tell you what to do.

Just take your feet to Culbertson,  
And fit them with his shoes.  
Then your corns will never bother,  
And you'll never have the blues.

#### Did Not Like Compliments.

The Stevens Point, Wis., *Press* says that there is a swarm of pretty girls clerking at the Fair on Main Street. It is a natural thing that some

of them are vain. One day this week a fat man strolled into the Fair and was looking at the holiday display. A particularly handsome clerk approached him. He paid no attention to her. "Anything I can show you?" she murmured. The fat man picked up a salt cellar and began to untwist the cover. "Perhaps I can assist you in finding what you want," softly purred the pretty girl. "I don't know as I want to buy anything," was the reply. "I only came to see the pretty things in the store." "Pardon me," said the young woman with feigned indignation, "but I did not ask for compliments."

#### Must Be Crazy.

There seems to be an epidemic of horse stealing in Oregon, says *The Dalles Chronicle*. With horses worth \$9 a dozen, one would think the chances of going to the penitentiary for seventy-five cents worth of "hoss" would defer even the worst thief from taking them, but it doesn't. Our own private opinion is that a man convicted of stealing a horse now should be sent not to the penitentiary but the asylum.

#### Accommodating Officials.

The Emmons County, N. D., *Record* is responsible for this story:

Apropos of the fee-building trips made between Grand Forks and Fort Lincoln by the deputy marshals, it is said that one of the prisoners taken to the Red River city forgot his false teeth, and two deputy marshals took him back to Morton County to get them. Another neglected to inform his wife as to the proper quantity of turnips to be fed to the family cow, and three deputies returned with him so that he might impart the necessary information. Another became indisposed from drinking Red River Valley whiskey, and four of Marshal Cronan's heroes took him to Mandan to have his bottle filled with the familiar article. No further fees being in sight, the prisoners were sent to jail until the next full moon.

#### Tears for the Afflicted.

From a certain shop not a thousand miles from Wolf's brewery, a small boy makes periodical trips to an adjacent saloon with a small receptacle in which to take back a small amount of cheering beverage. Some people call it "rushing the growler." On one of these trips he was met by that imposing guardian of the peace, Big Jack Brennan, and as the youth saw him approaching he hid the can beneath his coat in a vain endeavor to conceal it.

But Jack had his eye on the protuberance, and stopping the young man, said:

"Say, young fellow, what does that bulging out of your coat mean? Have you got a tumor?"

And the frightened youth in tremulous accents replied:

"N-n-no sir; 'tain't a tumor 'actly; it's a can, sir."

And Jack wandered down by the levee to weep.—*Stillwater Gazette*.

#### Just Like a Woman.

As the east-bound passenger train pulled into Dawson the other day some one of the town dogs around the depot became engaged in a free for all fight. Justice Gokey, who happened to be present, stepped forward promptly and ordered the dogs to disperse. As they took no notice of his injunction he next endeavored to separate them forcibly. Mrs. Bartholomew, who had witnessed the melee from a car window, at this time stepped onto the platform, and thinking that the judge was inciting a riot amongst the canine tribe, threatened to have him arrested. The look of injured innocence that came over Gokey's face was a study—he did not recover his power of

speech until the train was well on its way towards Crystal Springs, when he gave vent to a torrent of eloquence that fairly electrified the bystanders. Gokey says that in the future he will send the constable on errands of that kind and stay at home himself—and administer justice.—*Dawson (N. D.) Standard*.

#### A Newspaper Episode.

John M. Lamb, editor of the *De Lamar, Idaho, Nugget*, got on a rampage the other day, unslung his gun and took the camp. When he sobered down and got his senses he fined himself \$50, he being a high mogul justice of the peace. When he fined himself he told the constable to put the culprit in jail at once if the fine was not paid. The editor and justice of the peace had to go to the damp jail. His wife roared like a lioness and vowed she would burn the jail down if her precious consort was not liberated instantly. The newspaper man and justice of the peace who stood behind the bars as a righteous act of his justice, told the constable to stand firm and execute and respect the order of the court. The woman fainted, and by this time the community was aroused from center to circumference and there was limburger cheese on the moon and a graveyard expression on the faces of a large throng of troubled people. The mob made a mad rush for the bastille, and in their frenzy twisted the door off its hinges and requested Mr. Lamb to walk out. He refused unless the fine and costs were paid. The mob wanted to know what the fine and cost would be. He took a good look at the infuriated mob and told them \$225. A paper was circulated and the money was raised in a jiffy, and they handed the finance to the eccentric justice of the peace and paradoxical scribe. He paid the constable \$10 for his fees, and gave the jailor \$5 for his lodging and \$10 to have the door of the jail repaired. In the meantime the hero of this escapade told the spectators to be present the next morning at his temple of justice.

About 9 o'clock A. M. the judge and bland editor opened court. The first thing he did was to remit his own fine of \$50. The journalist and peace officer then informed the audience that he had \$200 in cash that had been given for his freedom from durance vile on the previous day. He asked as a favor that every individual who had pungled up a cent towards his liberation from prison to come forward and give his name and the amount he had subscribed. Just 112 men and a small boy arose and moved towards his honor. It was a case where each man put up two dollars apiece and the boy one dollar. After considerable book-keeping and figuring on his books he vociferated in a baritone voice for the 112 men and boy to march up in front of the railing. The man of judicial ermine and a Napoleon Bonaparte eye for cute journalism stood before his friends and trembled for awhile with mute emotion. He then heaved a love-sick sigh and handed each man a two-dollar receipt for delinquent subscription to his newspaper right there on the spot. Everything was so still in the court room while this was going on that the sizzling hum of a little peanut roaster would have sounded like the thundering intonation of Vesuvius when belching forth its red-hot lava. This is the only instance in the history of the world where a newspaper made \$190 by finding it.—*Shelby Eli Dillard*.

#### Schooling the Editor.

Once in a while we do "get it in the neck," wails the *St. Paul Trade Journal*. The last time such a thing occurred it was from a manufacturer, who very kindly took it upon himself to school the editor, and help to lift the *Trade Journal* to a higher level of excellence and usefulness. According to his ideas the paper needed only a

new editorial staff, a radical change in the make-up, about fifty canvassers "for subscribers in the country," "no more begging for advertisements in the city," and a range of circulation reaching close up to the suburbs of Chicago and St. Louis, to make it a paper worthy of the support of St. Paul business houses. What could we say for the *Trade Journal*? "Faithful are the wounds of a friend," and we are going to try and profit by the above suggestions, when we can make money enough to pay for these things on a cash basis.

#### Another Form Gone to Press.

Editor Manning, of the Oberon *Echo*, and Miss Emma Erland, of Minnewaukan, were united in marriage the first of the week. Mr. Manning is making a decided success of the *Echo*, and Miss Erland was one of Benson County's brightest school teachers and we expect to see the *Echo* brighter than ever now. The *News* extends congratulations to Bro. Manning, and trusts that the only echoes he may hear in the trials and tribulations of married life may be small ones.—*Benson County (N. D.) News*.

#### The Preacher Stood.

The Minneapolis *Tribune* relates that a pedestrian was hurrying on his homeward way, when, for lack of the necessary friction, his pedal extremities shot out from under him and he came violently to the sidewalk. Just as he was relieving himself of a burden of profanity preparatory to rising, one of the city's well-known and benevolent ministers walked up and, assuming a comfortable attitude and a didactic tone, remarked: "My friend, as it is written in the Holy Scriptures, the wicked stand on slippery places." Modifying an oath to suit the circumstances, the exemplary son of a fallen race stared at the minister and ejaculated: "Yes, I see they do, but I'll be dashed if I can!"

#### Cruelly Deceived.

He was a green Englishman. He came over from Manitoba Thursday morning, having walked a distance of eighteen miles to attend the ball. He wore white trousers, a black vest and a black Yale cutaway coat. His "topcoat" was a white corduroy sack buttoned up to the throat and at least a foot shorter than the aforesaid cutaway. He was the observed of all observers. Everywhere that cutaway went the small boys were sure to go. He wanted a ticket, and to avoid the rush at the door and to be sure of admittance he began early in the morning to inquire of every individual he met as to the cost of the ticket and where it could be obtained. Having finally secured this coveted prize, he wanted a "lady." Would Landlord Welkos introduce him to one? He would. He dressed Bert Hawn in female attire and introduced the Englishman to "Miss Jones." The happy possessor of the cutaway was charmed with "Miss Jones." He took her to the ball-room, and was assiduous in his attentions to his fair companion. He was constant in his devotion until the managers of the dance went to "Miss Jones" and told her to feign sickness and go home. This was done. It finally dawned upon the Englishman that he had been deceived—most cruelly deceived. The next morning he started across the line, and as he disappeared over the hills, the skirts of his cutaway streaming out on the wind seemed to say: "Farewell, Miss Jones; ah, farewell, North Dakota!"—*Turtle Mountain Star*.

#### One Good Turn Deserves Another.

While the editor of this lamp of liberty was absent investigating certain regularities in some Kentucky distilleries last March the junior partner kindly lent our big overcoat to one of our occasional visitors who got caught away from home one cold night. We don't know who has the

coat, and we have not needed it during the recent warm, dry spell; but now that the winter is advertised to play a six month's engagement with our coal fund, and the genial influence of the Kentucky atmosphere not having any perceptible effect upon our interior economy, we would like that overcoat. While it has lost the flush and vigor of its youth it is still a long way ahead of our fall box affair which we got to lend us an appearance of prosperity on our visit to the Columbian blowout—or would be if we had it—and we can't afford to indulge in a new one at this writing. If the present incumbent of our coat should feel any backwardness about getting to the front therewith, we are prepared to offer an inducement in the shape of an exchange. A new suit of clothes ordered by our partner has arrived, and in order to even things up we will swap his suit for our coat; if agreeable. One good turn deserves another—especially this one. Our partner is in Bismarck and don't need any good clothes, as he might be taken for a lobbyist, and we desire to protect his present good character.—*Sledge Ozone*.

#### Too Heavy for his Stomach.

The Waseca, Minn., *Radical* man took a run up to Mankato to hear an opera company take a fall out of "Il Trovatore." He devotes a column and a half to a criticism, from which the following excerpts are taken:

"Count came on and ripped things up the back in a buzz-saw voice—in English, the bills said, but in too high-toned English for us. We couldn't make out what he wanted, but it sounded to be something about Banholzer's brewery or Rosenbaum Von Guttenberg's place, which made him very mad. Girl came on and in a silver-on-a-rail voice made the gas lamps smoke.

"Then the little fellow broke loose in the cellar and we think he either fell in the coal bin and broke his back or the cider barrel rolled on him and lay square across his neck. Helived through it, however.

"The tin-cap fellows in brass-lined shirts made plenty of noise, and would be tip-top at a charivari party.

"The plot wasn't very thick anyway, and the young fellow was too simple for these times, as he refused to go out of prison when the girl held the iron door wide open, which made her mad, and she went and took rough-on-rats poison, and died away up in G.

"It was a torturous, suspender-breaking affair all through, and nearly all died on the spot. Next time we prefer a more cheerful entertainment, and will visit the dissecting-room of a hospital and see the medical students carve a cadaver.

"When a particular trying, high-up, wailing, terrorizing war-whoop would be given you could hear four blocks and we would be thanking God all was over, a lot of fellows, we think from St. Peter, would spat their hands in front and their ears behind, and bring the poor, sick woman back again for another try.

"If we had had a shotgun we would have killed those fellows."

#### Hatching a Boom.

An enthusiast in local booms sent the Minneapolis *Journal* the following sketch of the advantages of his town, which is here given in full, except the name of the town:

"Blankville, which is situated on the C. M. & St. Paul Ry., has been a small place not much known to the world, but in the last year it has braced up and tried to get people to move here and make Blankville as their home which seem to have some effect on the world for in the last year it has more than doubled itself. It has buildings that in size can stand against almost any of the bigger Minnesota towns building and

a good deal larger buildings is expected to be built. On account of them people that expect to move here next year and start up in business and other that intend to move here and live it is expected to more than double its size the next year and in a few years it gone to be one of Minnesota's biggest towns. Gold and coal has also been found when digging a well here the other day. This finding of these two metals is gone to help the town awful much. We also have five large lakes right here, one is right here in town and the other four are only about half a mile out of town these lakes are a big place for hunting ducks and geese and at the same time it is one of the finest places in southern Minnesota it's nice and shady with all kinds of trees in the summer and very warm against the cold blizzards in winter. A large island is found in one of them lakes. The island is a very fine (known as it is wide around) place for summertime a very fine summerresort is expected to be built there next summer and also a large number of big boats is gone to be put on the lakes. At first when this railroad was built it was intended to put the division point here, but there was something that drove it away first till — the next station west of here and then till — where it is now. Now the last two years it has been talk about moving it again over to Blankville, and it is believed that the railroad company is in very strong thinking of moving it to this place the people around here are expecting very strongly to get it. This as well as all the other things are gone to help this town a great deal. Hoping some people to go to this place and make it their homes I am very respectfully yours."

#### ME AND TOM.

A friend of mine I often meet  
Outside the restaurant door  
Is Maltese Tom, who doth me greet  
With fellowship that's more  
To me than all the starched elite,  
Who with their chatter bore.

'Tis usually at eventide  
I find him sitting there,  
And 'gainst my trousers rubs his hide  
And leaves full many a hair.  
But ne'er from his greeting have I shied;  
That would be mean, unfair.

His conversation is just "Wow!"  
That one word says it all.  
It means that he would like to now  
Step into the banquet hall.  
"But, Tom," say I, "there'd be a row;  
So wait your mistress' call.

"Perhaps some dainty dish awaits  
Your sweetened feline tooth  
Which we round-bellied potentates

Have never known,  
Forsooth,  
And plain, cold fodder  
Satiates"—  
For lack of coin, in  
truth.

"Don't think because we  
strut around  
In shoes and shirts  
and hats,  
That luxuries with us  
abound,  
In contrast with you  
cats;  
For such is not the case.  
I've found;  
And some of us eat  
rats."

Tom's big eyes look up  
into mine  
And say in soulful  
gaze,  
"Friend, if I had more  
lives than nine,  
I'd lengthen out your  
days,  
That you might teach  
us not to whine,  
And more of human  
ways."

J. C. HILDEBRAND.







A Montana Irrigating Scheme.

The proposition of the Northern Pacific Railroad to take large canals from the Yellowstone to the lands owned by the company for the purpose of giving the same a market, is a wise undertaking. The company owns some large tracts in Custer County which will be rapidly settled if water be supplied for irrigation, and we know of no better place for homeseekers to locate than upon them. The soil is deep and rich, just enough sand in it to assist in the rapid growth of vegetation. The settler locating there may be assured of making a comfortable living and something besides. He will be able to raise wheat, oats, barley, Dent corn, buckwheat, pumpkins, squash, melons and almost any vegetable. For orchards of cherries, plums and standard apples the land is well adapted. By planting trees at once it will only be a few years until he can be independently well supplied with fruits, and, in fact, everything a farmer needs to make his family happy.—*Rocky Mountain Husbandman.*

## Washington Sugar Beets.

The *Garfield Enterprise* calls attention to the fact that "there are not many sections in the United States where sugar beets can be profitably grown for the manufacture of sugar, but Prof. Fulmer, of the Agricultural College, has proved by the analysis of several thousand different samples that Washington climate and Washington soil are peculiarly fitted for this crop. The result of the experiments has been more than satisfactory; particularly have the samples from the Palouse Country proved to contain a high percentage of sugar. The Nebraska beet sugar plant has been making sugar from beets that average 13½ per cent. sugar. Manufacturers estimate that beets that average 12 per cent. sugar and 80 per cent. purity can be profitably manufactured. Bear these figures in mind while you look at the results of a few samples from the Palouse Country." The *Enterprise* then gives the results obtained from twenty-one samples, which show an average 18.1 per cent. sugar and 89.3 per cent. purity. The sugar beet industry, if properly encouraged, should have a great future in that State.

## A Good Year for Cattle.

The cattlemen of Montana have had a very successful year. While the flock owners and the grain raisers are more prosperous, perhaps, than last year, the grower of beef cattle is much better off than he was twelve months ago. The stock-growing business of the State has been undergoing changes of a revolutionary nature. The great ranges of the State are being cut into by the progressive farmer, and there has consequently been a tendency to decrease the size of herds. There are not so many so-called "cattle kings" in Montana as there once were. The business is becoming year by year more general. While there are as many cattle on the range, there are more owners to look after them. As this tendency to distribute the business to many people instead of a few increases, the cattle business will grow in importance. The man who owns 30,000 range animals will not, can not, give

them as good care as the small owner gives to his herd of 600. Upon the attention they receive depends the condition of cattle to a large extent. On the condition of the stock depends their price in the market and the success of the business.—*Helena Independent.*

## A Dutch Colony on Puget Sound.

"We have bought 18,000 acres of land on Whidby Island," said H. E. Werkman, of Holland, Mich., to a reporter of the *Spokane Review*, "and shall bring out a large colony of Hollanders. Some of these will come from the old country, some from Michigan and others from Dakota. The land will be sold in small tracts—not to exceed forty acres. We expect to bring out about 200 families during the coming year. They will take up the growth of vegetables and roots, and will also go extensively into dairying and fruit growing.

"The Dutch are a wonderfully thrifty people. They can live on a small income, but when they get ahead are liberal in their expenditures and generous in their customs. The climate of Holland closely resembles that of Puget Sound, and I am confident that the colonies will be entirely successful. It is our purpose to reclaim a great deal of flooded land on the island by means of dykes. The island has an area of about 110,000 acres, and we expect in a few years to change it into a garden spot."

Mr. Werkman has just sent a carload of the products of Washington to Holland, Mich. That is the center of the greatest Hollander settlement in the United States. "Within a radius of thirty miles," said Mr. Werkman, "there are about 40,000 of my countrymen."

## Dairying in Washington.

Edgar I. Thompson, Secretary of the Washington State Dairymen's Association, writes as follows in the *West Coast Trade*:

The possible magnitude of the industry is as yet little appreciated. Dairying can be carried on more cheaply and successfully in Washington than in any of the Eastern or Middle States for the following reasons. In part: The climate, both in Eastern and Western Washington, is particularly favorable, requiring but little shelter as compared with States East, and the soil seems particularly fitted for raising grasses, both wild and cultivated, also roots that are most needed to produce a large flow of rich milk. Clover, blue grass and alfalfa yield on an average nearly three times the amount that Eastern lands do, and are equally nutritious. Roots of all kinds seem indigenous and make hearty food, while such grains as wheat, oats and barley, ground, make the best of grain food. The soft water flowing from the mountains imparts health and vigor to all kinds of live stock.

Our warm, even temperature and green pastures throughout the whole year make it most agreeable for stock-raising and dairying, especially so for winter dairying, which yields almost double profits to that of summer. Our advantages for carrying on this industry in Washington are superior to the Middle States, and when compared with the States of the Pacific Coast, Washington is really the only natural dairy State. The prevailing high prices of dairy produce, together with the favorable conditions for dairying in this State, has led well-calculating farmers to engage in the business, and in all localities where creameries and cheese factories have been established the business has proved very profitable and most satisfactory to all concerned, the factories having far more orders for goods at highest cash prices than they were able to supply.

This industry has been making rapid progress during the past three years. In 1891 there were

but three small creameries in the State. Now there are twenty-seven in successful operation, producing an output valued at over \$700,000 during the past year, while the imports of butter and cheese to Washington from other States are estimated to reach \$1,500,000 during the year, and present shipments of condensed milk to the Orient, from figures shown by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company and custom house reports, show an export of over \$1,000,000 during the past twelve months, and is rapidly growing; all of which goes to show a present market of over \$2,500,000 of dairy produce, which should be supplied by dairies in this State, and would be productive of much greater profit than is now secured by shippers of the East, as there would be no railroad freights to pay. There is practically no limit to the market for these goods, which of necessity is rapidly increasing.

Ex-Gov. Hoard, president of the Wisconsin State Dairymen's Association, said that their dairy industry yielded an income of \$25,000,000 to the people of that State last year, and that it had put more money into the coffers of that State than any other industry. According to the reports of the Commissioner of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., the people of Iowa realized over \$23,000,000 from dairying last year.

Inasmuch as dairying has proved so successful in this State, the industry should receive every possible encouragement by the people of the State. The introduction of creameries, cheese and condensed milk factories would create one of the greatest incentives for farmers to build good roads to the factories and clear off their farms and make more pasture lands each year, to meet the demand of their growing herds. In the absence of these factories there is little or no incentive for doing this.

The introduction of dairying in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois and Iowa advanced the price of real estate from twenty to fifty dollars per acre. It is calculated by farmers of these States that every acre of clay land well seeded is worth fifty dollars for dairy purposes. With our climatic and other advantages, every acre of clay land in Washington, which is cleared and well seeded to grasses within reach of a factory, is worth at least fifty dollars for the same purpose.

## A Good Country for Settlers.

L. W. Busby, of the editorial staff of the *Chicago Inter Ocean*, recently visited Montana. In a letter to his paper from Missoula he writes:

Mr. Woodworth, the timber inspector for the Northern Pacific Railroad, says that one of the richest sections of Western Montana has not yet been touched, not even surveyed. This is the country to the northeast of Missoula, in the Blackfoot Valley, which extends up to the Clearwater Country, which connects with the Swan River Valley, running north to the Flathead Lake. This great section of Montana is still virgin forest, with rich stretches of prairie found in places, and it is a great hunting ground, where all kinds of game abound. To the general public it is an impenetrable forest, where few white men even venture for game, but for years Mr. Woodworth has traversed it, looking after good timber lands and to prevent the mill men from appropriating railroad timber, and he regards it as one of the best sections of the State. The mills in the Blackfoot Valley are now cutting 30,000,000 feet of lumber a year, and those in the Bitter Root Valley 13,000,000, while the Cour d'Alene mills last year cut 15,000,000 feet. But Mr. Woodworth estimates that there is still standing 32,000,000 feet of timber in the Bitter Root Valley, 516,000,000 in the Blackfoot Valley, 75,000,000 in the Clearwater Country, 180,000,000 in the Missoula River Country, 110,000,000 in the valley of Clark's Fork of the Columbia, and 1,650,000,000 in the Kootenai Valley. This would



make more than 2,500,000,000 feet of timber still standing in Northwestern Montana, or enough to supply the mills for many years to come.

In the Bitter Root Valley Mr. Woodworth says there are 25,000 acres of Government land still vacant, but not open to homestead because by the treaty by which it was ceded to the Government it must be sold for the benefit of the Flathead Indians, who are now on a reservation about twenty-five miles north of Missoula. In the Blackfoot Valley Mr. Woodworth estimates that there are 140,000 acres of agricultural lands still vacant belonging to the Government and to the Northern Pacific land grant, and 30,000 acres in the Cœur d'Alene Valley. In the Clearwater and Swan River districts, where surveys have not even been made, there are thousands of acres of rich lands, or enough to sustain a million people and build up a new agricultural State in Western Montana. Mr. Woodworth has spent many years in riding through the wildwoods, and he regards the country that has not been surveyed as equal to any of that in the Bitter Root or Frenchtown Valley. Much of it will not need irrigation, but all the bench lands can be easily brought under cultivation by

gold. A Coxe army could be marched into the forests of Montana and make on an average of \$2 50 a day if they were willing to swing the ax and pull the crosscut saw with the same enthusiasm that they marched toward Washington and stole trains on the way last summer.

#### People for the Northwest.

The many letters recently published in *The Oregonian* on the desirability of an organized effort to induce people to come to our Pacific Northwest States, deal with a topic of great importance. Oregon, Washington and Idaho could receive and settle 100,000 persons a year for a long period without being at a loss for room wherein to place them, or for means whereon to subsist them. It is true, unquestionably, that in consequence of financial and industrial reverses in the States beyond the Rocky Mountains great numbers of people will change their places of habitation. There are multitudes for whom there is nothing left but to move. Failure of crops, drouths, blizzards and fires in Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Wisconsin and Iowa make migration a necessity to large number. Many others, in States still farther east, will try

efforts of individuals in direct contact with the people. One who knows all about these States, the features of each and every locality, the topography, meteorology, resources and productions of each, will soon be able to convince anybody; for there is a directness and persuasion in that never can be communicated through printed descriptive matter, however well written.

To lay a foundation for effective work of this kind, lands should be listed in as many localities as possible, owners should agree to sell at established prices, and the prices must be moderate; it must be shown that the quality of the lands is good, the title perfect; that the buyer is not paying exorbitant commissions, and that there is no gouge of any kind. Buyers must know before they get here exactly what they are to expect. Suitable organizations on this basis would afford a plan for working for immigration, and the lands would pay the expense. Agents might do well in the business, but ought not to expect to deal in speculative values. Land-owners should by this time see the futility of holding out for great prices. They who have lands not in cultivation, lands which they probably never will cultivate, would do better now to sell at low prices



AN IMPORTANT WHEAT MARKET IN THE PALOUSE COUNTRY, WASHINGTON.—From a sketch by Winsor.

irrigation, for the Blackfoot, the Clearwater and the Swan Rivers furnish unlimited supplies of water with good fall to carry water upon these benches. This is, practically, an unexplored country to the north, and the only invasion of it is by the lumbermen.

Mr. Woodworth says that these lands can be had for homestead, timber and stone claims, and under the desert act, where they belong to the Government. One man can take up a homestead of 160 acres, costing him about \$12 to prove up his claim after living on it for five years. In addition to this he can take up 160 acres as a stone and timber claim by making affidavit that the timber and stone are more valuable than the land; and 320 acres under the desert act by putting an irrigation ditch upon each forty acres. For these lands, however, the Government charges \$2.50 an acre. In the railroad land grant the same lands can be purchased outright for from \$2 to \$4 per acre.

The great mining region offers a market for the timber, and in Butte and other mining centers the woodchoppers on the mountains make as good wages as the men who dig for silver and

to better their condition by removal. This always has been witnessed after a financial and industrial disaster.

Our Northwest States ought to get a large share of these movers. Many no doubt will come to the Pacific Coast upon their own volition. But we might get numbers vastly larger if we would take measures to disseminate information among these migrating people, to gain their confidence, and direct their course. There is a tendency in the minds of large numbers of them to go to the Southern States. The name of California is best known of the States of the Pacific Coast, and people therefore incline, if they move West, to go to California; and yet California has nothing at all to offer in proportion to the opportunities and advantages of these Northwest States. Good land, in good situations, is much more easily obtained here.

But to induce these people to come to us we must in some way get in contact with them, show them what we have, gain their confidence and convince them that there is no deception. While it is well enough to scatter publications broadcast, yet nothing is so effective as the personal

than to hold on longer, paying taxes on property which they never have made productive and, in most cases, never will.

The main point, however, is this: There are millions of acres of land in private hands in Oregon and Washington which never have been cultivated and never will be till sold to people willing to cultivate them. These lands should be held out of use no longer. By this time it certainly has been demonstrated to every owner's satisfaction that they will be forever useless till sold to those who will improve and cultivate them. These lands should be offered by their owners, should be listed by them for sale at moderate prices, and agents should take these lists and descriptions, with all information about the country, to people in other States who are now going to move somewhere, and might thus be induced to move here. We shall see renewal of activity in these States only with increase of inhabitants, causing larger production and growth in manufactures and trade. It is an argument to be addressed to our land-owners and to our enterprising citizens, who should co-operate and work it up together.—*Portland Oregonian*.

## DR. FIELD IN MONTANA.

The Genial Editor of the Evangelist Admires the Mountain State.

In leaving Spokane Falls we do not leave the Spokane River, any more than in leaving Niagara Falls we leave the Niagara River. In both cases the rush of the falls communicates itself to the waters below, which whirl and foam and then rush onward, as if in pursuit of a beholder who should flee from the sight in terror. So when we left Spokane the river seemed to be chasing us, and we were running a race along its banks. But after a few miles we had to part company, leaving it to continue its course till it empties into the Columbia; while we turned in another direction to find a passage through the mountains. A glance at the map is sufficient to show the enormous engineering difficulties in the construction of the Northern Pacific. But the rugged defiles are picturesque as the passes of the Alps, while in lakes it would be difficult to find in Switzerland anything more exquisitely beautiful than the Pend d'Oreille. Here we are in the State of Idaho (how musical are these Indian names!), but of which we see little, as we pass through what may be called its Pan Handle, its boundary being defined, not by degrees of latitude or longitude, but by the trend of a chain of mountains, which runs from northwest to southeast, and we are at the small end; while farther south it broadens to proportions that place it alongside its great sister States.

Before I left New York for the Pacific Coast a missionary in Idaho kindly invited me to visit him in his Western home, presenting a picture of the scenery round him that was most tempting. That I could not bring it into my tour was my loss; and I can only assure him that my passion for travelling has only been stimulated by the summer's experience, and that when I am a few years younger (as I seem to be growing that way), it is not impossible that I may visit Idaho, and describe with youthful enthusiasm its lakes and rivers, its mountains and valleys. But for the present my friend will excuse me if I leave without further observation a State that we passed through chiefly in the night.

But the next morning, when the sun rose gloriously over the mountains of Montana, we could not restrain our enthusiasm. Here we had no excuse for silence, for we crossed the State in broad daylight; and, as it was a long midsummer day, we could sit at our windows from daybreak till evening twilight, taking in the ever-changing views all round the horizon. That day I "took to" Montana as if I had been an old settler. Its very name is attractive, as it is significant of the character of the country, whose chief feature is its mountains, in which it resembles the North of Scotland, the mere suggestion of which is enough to stir the blood of one whose "heart's in the Highlands." When I was a boy there was a ditty that was in everybody's mouth, and no young lady sat down to the piano but out of her sweet lips there came:

"Some love to roam  
O'er the dark sea foam,  
Where the wild winds whistle free;  
But a chosen band,  
In a mountain land,  
And a life in the woods for me."

If such romantic tastes still exist they can find abundant gratification in almost any part of the great mountain chain that includes Colorado, and north of which is Montana. We have not

indeed in our Western hemisphere any "Roof of the World" like that in Asia in the Himalayas. But our continent has its rise and fall, like the billows of the sea, and there is a gradual ascent from the valley of the Mississippi, over a thousand miles of plain, to the great plateau, which culminates in the Rocky Mountains and their extensions north and south, which may be considered as the backbone of the continent.

In speaking thus admiringly of these Western mountains, I do not mean to hold them up as being so high or so difficult of ascent as to test the muscle or the nerve of Alpine climbers. I have no idea of tempting Dr. Parkhurst to leave Switzerland for Montana, for he would be disappointed, since he would find no such awful heights as those of Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn. If indeed he wishes to try his cool head and firm step on some mountain this side of the sea, let him go to Alaska, and, a day or two farther north than we went, he will find himself at the foot of Mount St. Elias, a monarch of the upper air, to which I am sure that he will, with his usual politeness, take off his hat with profound respect. And then let him put himself in training, and when he is in prime condition make the attempt. Only a few weeks since a gentleman told me that he had camped there for two months, every week making an attempt to reach the top, but failed at last! But where he failed Dr. Parkhurst may succeed. If anybody can do it, he will.

But if Montana has no St. Elias or Matterhorn, she has mountains enough to fill all her horizons, so that one can hardly go anywhere without having some snow-capped peak or lower range in sight.

And the beauty of our Western State, as set over against Switzerland, is that our mountains look down upon scenes of plenty such as Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn never saw. Between the long ranges of Montana are valleys of unbounded fertility. One familiar with the country told me that he had never seen such wheat fields as those near Missoula, a hundred and twenty-five miles west of Helena. One of the great land owners told him that he had in a single field a thousand acres of oats that stood nine feet high! Into which a man could not venture without being lost, as in the depth of an African forest. Fields that are less suited for cultivation are admirably adapted for grazing. One of the sights of every year is the countless herds, bred in Texas, that are driven north to get "hardened" in the bracing air of the uplands of Montana. One riding over the country may literally see the cattle on a thousand hills. "The valleys are also covered over with corn; they shout with joy; they also sing."

It was about noon when we drew up at Helena—not in the town, but in sight of it, for it does not lie on the open plain, but reaches back up into the hills (what was once a gulch rich in golden ore, which was indeed the attraction that drew the first settlers to this spot), from which the capital looks down on the broad expanse at its feet. As the train made but a brief stop, we saw only just enough to excite our curiosity without gratifying it; so that we were but too glad when, ten days later, after our visit to the Yellowstone Park, we had an opportunity to return

and spend a couple of days in Helena, with a visit to Butte and Anaconda, two of the great mining centers of the country.

Meanwhile our first glimpse was enough to set us on the track of inquiry, and we were so fortunate as to be thrown with those who were able to answer our questions: the attorney general of the State and an editor, whom I felt at liberty to address as one of the fraternity. Montana has been a rich subject for journalists—not so much because of its mines as because of its tragic history in the days when the Vigilantes fought with robbers and murderers in a life-and-death struggle between savagery and civilization. I am afraid I did not begin my inquiries in the most flattering way. It could hardly exalt their State pride to hear a stranger say: "I am told that Butte (the great mining centre) is the wickedest town in the world!" to which the attorney-general, as the official defender of the State, at once made answer: "Butte is no worse than New York! The only difference is that certain forms of wickedness which you repress by law are here legalized, so that what in your city is done in secret is here done openly." He made a point of this, as if it were to the credit of Butte, that it had no false shame, and made no attempt to hide its black spots behind bolted doors. "In Butte," he said, "it is no more of a crime to keep a gambling house than to keep a hotel. As the passion for gambling is one that cannot be repressed among miners, we think it is in the interest of morality to have it public rather than private, and so we license it, as you in New York license drinking saloons. And not only so, but here the law requires that the character of the place shall be declared in the sign 'LEGALIZED GAMBLING,' which shall be painted over the door in letters four inches long!"

This was indeed taking the bull by the horns. That his statement was true, I saw a week or two later, when a friend showed me about the streets of Butte. We found, as he had said, that the gambling houses were public institutions; that they were not hidden away in back streets, but stood on the Broadway of the town, with doors wide open to all comers. As my friend led the way I walked in, as I had into the gambling house at Monte Carlo, and here, as there, saw the games in full blast. It must be confessed that there is one advantage in this: that a man cannot hide his wickedness; if he is a gambler, everybody will know it. Young clerks cannot sneak into these places and spend the money of their employers. So far, its publicity is a protection to those who might suffer from an immorality that was concealed. But, on the other hand, there is a terrible temptation in these doors that stand wide open on the street, where every passer-by can hear the rattle of the dice mingled with the sound of music and dancing. Monte Carlo, as everybody knows who has been in the south of France, is one of the most fascinating places of amusement in Europe, but the more splendid it is, the wider is the gate to destruction, and the more will there be that go in thereat.

This talk about the present state of manners and morals set me a'thinking of the early days of Montana, of which I had read a good deal years ago, and it all came back now that I was on the spot, and could talk with the very men who had taken part in those terrible scenes. The first population that came into this country was attracted by the discovery of gold, a magnet that drew together the good and the bad. The most of the new-comers were honest and hard-working men. But the wealth they dug from the mine was of less value because of the difficulty of shipping it to the East. There were no railroads in those days, and every package of bullion had to be sent overland in mail coaches, across long stretches of country, over mountains and rivers



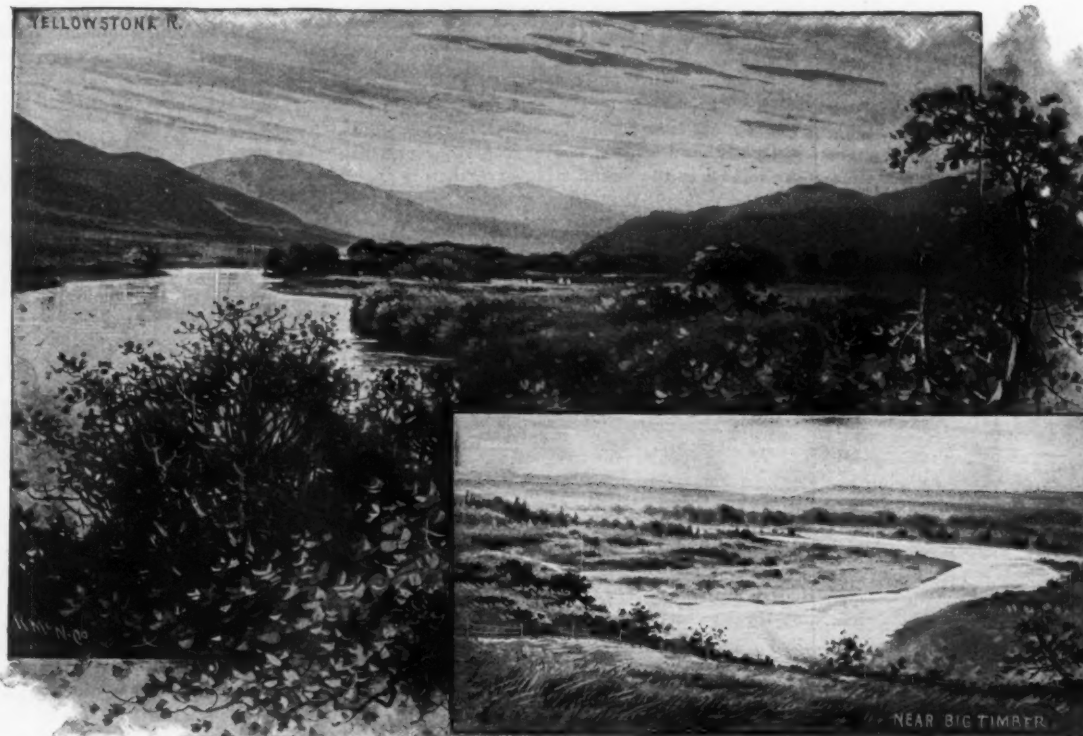
and plains, through dark forests, where there was every opportunity for attack and capture. The chance of the booty was so great that it drew together hundreds of desperate criminals who had found the older States too hot to hold them. They formed themselves into bands, and hiding in some dark glen, waited till their accomplices near the mines sent word that a large shipment would be made on a certain day; when, as the coach climbed slowly up a hill, or was in some deep gorge, there sprang up a dozen men with masked faces and levelled guns, who commanded a halt, and (while the passengers stood trembling) divided the spoil. If there was any resistance, they added murder to robbery. In this way many disappeared whose bones were afterwards found in some lonely place in the forest.

Such was the state of things that had been going on for months, till through this whole mining country there was a reign of terror. The discovery that some men who had been supposed to be honest were implicated in these robberies,

#### SPONTANEOUS GENERATION OF WEEDS.

To the Editor: In the December number of THE NORTHWEST you give, in an account of a ride with an ex-United States senator, an opening for some conclusions based on long observations and experience. You ask, "Why is it that plants as well as trees, foreign to the land, forest or prairie, spring up when the forest is cleared or the prairie plowed?" You follow this up by suggestions and reasonable conjectures. This question has been asked, I venture to say, in every generation since the settlement of this continent, and possibly long before in the Eastern continents. Every man who in his boyhood lived on a farm that had to be made by clearing the forest, has had experience in "burning brush" and picking up the brands afterwards in a clearing. Such will tell you that this is done in July, and that after the ground has been burned over there springs up all over the clearing a noxious weed known as "fire-weed." Its growth is rapid

that has been ages in accumulating, there spring up within a few weeks many varieties of noxious weeds never seen on the wild, unbroken prairie—the "pig-weed," the "red root," the "tumble-weed," the "wild buckwheat" spring up and grow with a rankness that testifies to the richness of the soil. Where did the seed come from, is asked, as it was and yet is, in a country of forests. There is but one answer to this question that has ever been given, to my knowledge, and that is to be found in Genesis, chapter 3rd, verses 17, 18 and 19, where the Creator of the world says to Adam: "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee. \* \* \* In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return to the ground; for out of it wast thou taken." Hence from that time, whenever by the labor of the hands and the sweat of the brow the sons of Adam have tilled the ground, these noxious plants have, in fulfillment of these



ON THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER IN MONTANA.

created such a feeling of suspicion that a man hardly dared to trust his neighbor, till at last the very enormity of the crimes provoked retribution, as in very desperation a few men, risking their own lives on the issue, took the law into their own hands and swept these monsters from the face of the earth.

It is not easy to forget such a tragedy, and it comes back most vividly when passing over the dark and bloody ground where it was enacted. As I remembered even the names of those who were actors in it, when we came back to Helena and drove into the town, I said: "The man I want to see is Colonel Saunders," who was the leader of the Vigilantes, and was afterwards the first man to represent Montana in the Senate of the United States. What he told me of those terrible days I must reserve for another letter.

Mrs. Dr. Archibald, of Jamestown, N. D., owns a child's dress made entirely of thread, made by Mrs. Gooding, wife of the officer in charge at Ft. Lincoln. It contains 65,000 yards.

and rank; it attains a height of nearly four feet; its stalk is the size of a stout raspberry bush; its leaves long and wide, and both leaf and stalk are filled with a milk-white juice that emits a most offensive odor and sticks to the hands and fingers, drying hard and being difficult to remove. The question is asked, where did the seed of this noxious weed come from? The plant is not found anywhere else except in clearings. Sometimes a growth has been so abundant that a boy has had to go before a team with "a bush-hook" or scythe and cut them down to admit the plow. He will never forget, who has had to do this, the rank, offensive smell of the plant. The thistle also finds in the soil of a clearing a most excellent food for its rank growth; yet every boy knows how easily the wind carries the globular downy ball that holds the seed of the thistle, and so can easily account for its presence, unwelcome as it always is. Not so with the noxious fire-weed.

Every man and boy living on the prairie knows well that whenever the plow breaks up the sod

words, sprung up, and have not appeared before.

But to every dark cloud there is a silver lining. Whenever the wild prairie sod is broken up in May and June there is exhaled from it such vapors that poisons the atmosphere and result, in the last of August and early in September, in a low malarial fever attacking those who live near extensive breaking. A remedy for this that exceeds in virtue any of the medicinal remedies of the apothecary, is found in a plant that grows, for the first time, on the new breaking. It is found where the new furrow on the edge of the breaking is turned on the old sod, and from its odor and shape of the leaf shows that it is a variety of the sage, yet I have never found it on the wild prairie, and have found a tea made from it a sure cure for cases of this malarial fever; thus proving, as could also be shown was the case in the regions of the forests, that love and mercy were blended with the infliction of this penalty.

B. S. RUSSELL.

Jamestown, N. D., Jan. 7, 1895.



#### At Prosser Falls.

What's the matter with Prosser Falls? Our civilization is traveling so fast you can't head it off with a saddle horse. Three pianos, two organs, four plug hats, two suits of pyjamas, a pug dog, a lot of kickers, a new sidewalk and a graveyard proposition that is about to be settled!—*Prosser Falls (Wash.) American.*

#### Romance in Real Life.

A few days ago a young man in The Dalles, Ore., opened a pack of cards in which he found the name of a lady written, dated at Cincinnati, Ohio. Being a bachelor and desirous of having a partner for life, he wrote to the address and received an answer, says the *Times-Mountaineer*. Matters have progressed very favorably so far, and it may be expected that after the parties become acquainted this correspondence will result in something that will savor of a romance in real life. "We know not what's before us, what changes are to come," sings the poet, and this is illustrated almost daily in our experience. By the merest accident the course of a life may be changed, and it may be made to follow either a path of happiness or bliss, or one of misery and woe. How true appears the words of the immortal Shakespeare: "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough how them as we may."

#### Alas! Poor Owl.

A pair of large brown owls of a very rare species have had their home in the thick woods by the creek on our farm, and for fifteen years, when the stars shone resplendently during the long winter nights, these hardy birds, warmly clad in down and feathers, cheered the passing hours with their strange, solemn talk, understood only by themselves. We had something like an attachment for these owls; they formed the only surviving link, of a wild nature, that connected the present with the past years when the prairies north of the hills were unsettled and inhabited only by wild creatures that were in the full enjoyment of unbroken solitude. Unfortunately the owls did not understand the advance of settlement and civilization, and attacked the tame pigeons of a neighboring farmer, committing such depredations amongst the doves that one of the birds of night was shot for his misbehavior. The mate of the lost bird still lingers in the old grove, and sits solitary on the ancient oak where so many winter nights were pleasantly spent in company with her big-eyed companion.—*Pilot Mound (Manitoba) Sentinel.*

#### Grandparents at Thirty-six.

At Westlake, on Craig Mountain, there is now living a man who has read St. Paul's injunction to "multiply and replenish" to some purpose, says the *Lewiston Tribune*. He, as well as his wife, is a native of Tennessee, but has been a resident of the Rocky Mountain region since boyhood and of Idaho the greater part of the time. He is 36 years old, weighs 193 pounds and is a very active and an exceptionally powerful man. His wife is thirteen days younger and weighs one pound less than he. They were married when 13 years old, and now have three grandchildren, the oldest of whom, a girl, is six years of age. Of their children two are boys and three girls, all married, the oldest with two children and the youngest with one. The name of this remarkable man is

J. W. Green, and he maintains that though thrice a grandfather he is as young as any of his little ones. He says neither his wife, himself nor any of their children have ever had a day's serious sickness, and, providence permitting, does not doubt that he will at least reach man's allotted time and be permitted to gather around him his great-great-grandchildren.

#### The Same as Some Others.

Men have been known to steal in order to get a drink of whisky, but when a man will jump overboard from a boat and swim 200 yards in water as cold as that of Puget Sound in order to get a drink he must indeed have a taste for liquor. Such a case happened in Seattle last Friday. A man had just been signed as a sailor by the captain of the bark *Arkwright*, for Australia, and he wanted to go ashore to get a drink. The captain refused, and the man deliberately leaped over the side of the boat into the bay and swam ashore, a distance of about 200 yards. The captain gave up all hope of ever seeing the man again, but he showed up in about an hour, none the worse for his plunge. He got not one drink, but several.—*Whatcom (Wash.) Blade.*

#### An All-Round Doctor.

According to a letter recently received by Dr. Van Waters from his brother in Seattle, there is a quaint and original doctor located on one of the islands in the Sound. He advertises in posters and placards printed in a home outfit. In one of his announcements he says:

"Legs and arms sawed off while you wate without pane."

"Childbirth and tumors a specialty."

"No odds asked in measles, whooping-cough, mumps or diarrhea."

"Bald-head, bunions, corns, warts, cancer and ingrowing tow-nales treated scientifically."

"Coeck, cramps, costiveness and worms nailed on sight."

"Wring-worms, pole evil, shingles, moles and cross-eye cured in one treatment or no pay."

"Private diseases of man, woman or beast eradicated."

"P. S. Terms: Cash invariably in advance. No cure no pay."

"N. B. (Take Notis) No coroner never yet sot on the remanes of my customers, and enny one hiring me doan't haf to be good layin up money to buy a grave-stone. Come on come awl."

The writer adds that this man does a good business, although you would not expect it, and his patients say he cures disease, and does it thoroughly and quickly.—*Stillwater Gazette.*

#### He Didn't Know Enough Chinook.

They are telling a good story on a local real estate dealer. It seems that, in company with Joseph Baxter, he watched the Indians at the barbecue last week. Some of the meat was anything but fresh and was distinctly aromatic. A squaw standing near the above named gentlemen plaintively remarked: "Hiyu hum," as she pointed to the piles of defunct bovine. On the following day our real estate man saw another squaw on Yakima Avenue, and remembered having noticed her at the barbecue making faces at the meat. So, thinking to show his friendliness for his red brothers and sisters and at the same time air his chinook, he remarked, "Meat mika hiyu hum;" and was surprised when the squaw chased him half a block with a hastily picked up rock. The trouble arose from his lack of knowledge of chinook. "Nika" means "I," whereas he thought "mika" did; it means "you." He forgot to use "tum-tum," meaning in that case "think." Had he said "nika tum-tum" instead of "mika" without the "tum-tum," had added a chinook phrase of meat or other edible "muck-a-muck," he would have been all right. But the squaw

didn't understand the English "meat." So when he said, "Meat mika hiyu hum" she only caught the significance of the last three words. They mean, "You smell pretty bad." And still he wonders why she got mad.—*Yakima Herald.*

#### Wildest Tract in the Country.

Assistant Chief Goode, of the United States geological survey, who visited Oregon last summer, says that the wildest region of the entire United States is an area of 1,000 square miles lying in the mountains between Roseburg and Coquille in Douglas and Coos counties. He describes it as a mysterious undiscovered country, in which roams undisturbed wild game, and whose brooks and rivers are filled with wild fowl. It is nearly all covered with a dense growth of pine, fir, hemlock and other trees. Many of the trees are of enormous size, and stand so closely that it is difficult for men to make their way between them. Where the trees are not so thick the heavy growth of bushes of various kinds take their place. It is a country that is filled with all kinds of wild game, including, as reported to him, elk, different kinds of bear, mountain lions, deer and other animals, including lynx and others. There are also the varied kinds of fowl. The streams all have an abundance of trout and other kinds of fish. He penetrated into the wilds a dozen miles and saw things that filled him with wonder at the vastness of the forest, and that anyone should attempt to live in them.

#### Salmon Fishing on the Spokane.

The fall run of salmon has entered the Spokane River, and there is royal sport around the mouth of the Little Spokane. The big fish are rising to a spoon, and Spokane anglers have had exciting tussles the past week. "The next time I go down the river for salmon," said W. J. Withrop, who was laying in a supply of tackle yesterday, "I'll go prepared for them. You see that reel? Three hundred feet of heavy line on there, and don't you go for salmon with less. I was down there the other day with ordinary tackle, and the big fellows drove me frantic—smashed my rod, captured by spoon, broke my line and sent me home a total wreck."

The river is fished from a boat. The best salmon water here is very similar to the water fished in the Eastern salmon streams—that is, an easy-flowing current over a bowlder bed, with from five to eight feet of water under your boat. String your tackle to a six or eight inch rod, troll slowly against this current with 100 to 150 feet of line out, and you get 'em if you are in luck and know how to capture them after they strike the swirling spoon. In England rich men pay thousands of dollars for a week or two of this fishing. Here the city man has it for a few dollars, and the rancher's sons for nothing.—*Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

#### A Great Herd.

J. B. Tyrrell, of the Canadian geological survey, has lately returned from the far Northwest, and tells of a wonderful herd of caribou which he encountered. He says: "When we reached the edge of the woods on Lake Athabasca, in the beginning of August, we commenced to see a few deer every day. One evening, as we were paddling along the margin of a large lake, one of my half-breeds called my attention to what he thought to be earth moving some distance away, and on looking through my glass I saw that it was an immense herd of reindeer. They were in bands of 200 or 300 each, and crowded closely together. We approached, walked in among them and opened fire on them, when they stampeded in every direction. We killed seventy of them and then went into camp. During the next three days we dried the meat of all that we



had killed. The great herd remained in our immediate vicinity all the time we were there, and at one time, when closely massed, covered about twenty acres of ground."

#### Montana Wolves Are Smart.

The extraordinary sagacity of wolves has been very powerfully instanced in a recent event on the upper Waldron Range, says the *Macleod Gazette*. A colt died, and Mr. Warnock took ten strychnine tablets and inserted them carefully in various parts of the body. He did not go near that vicinity for a couple of days, and when he did he went expecting to see some results from the bait. There was, however, no sign of a wolf, living or dead, in sight; he hunted around within a radius of a mile or two, but found nothing, and finally he went over and examined what remained of the dead colt. There was not much; the skin appeared to have been neatly and completely flayed from the body; nearly every particle of flesh was gone, as were also the rib bones and anything smaller; the fore and hind legs had been wrenched off from the knee joint down and carried off some distance, where everything mashable on them had been properly mashed. The skin was almost intact, and spreading it out, hair side down, Mr. Warnock casually examined it, when he noticed with some surprise a small bunch of flesh that had been untouched, and which was adhering to the hide, and enclosed in which was the strychnine tablet. A closer examination revealed the really extraordinary fact that every single one of the ten strychnine pellets that had been inserted had been left similarly. Every shred of flesh had been eaten all around them, and not a single one touched. No wonder it is a difficult matter to catch wolves when they are endowed with a cunning like this. The explanation is that on this one occasion Mr. Warnock had picked up the pellets before inserting them into the bait with his fingers instead of, as was his usual custom, with a pair of forceps. But the fact illustrates the kind of foes the ranchers have to deal with.

#### Mr. Allen's Frog.

O. R. Allen and John Murta, of the Livingston Coke & Coal Company, made a visit to the mines of that company at Cokedale last Saturday. While there Mr. Morgan, the manager, presented Mr. Allen with a frog which has a remarkable history. Last Thursday the miners at No. 4 slope put in a blast to remove a block of sandstone which they had run across in the workings. On returning to the shaft after the blast had been fired they found the frog hopping around among fragments of sandstone detached by the blast. As there are no frogs in the vicinity, and as the frog in question was not there when the blast was fired, the only explanation of his presence was

that he came out of the sandstone, where he been imbedded for nobody knows how many hundreds of years. The spot where he was found is 900 feet below the surface of the ground, and by no possible chance could he have been introduced from the outside.

The miners placed the frog in a pail and carried it to the surface, where it was found that its color was a light gray, exactly matching the sandstone. This color changed on exposure to the light, and in a few days the animal had as-



LOGGING-ROAD SCENE.



LOGS AT THE SAWMILL.



ACRES OF LOGS.

#### IN THE NORTHERN MINNESOTA PINERIES.

sumed the dark-green tints of the average croaker. Strange to say, it was not blind, but had eyes of rather marked development. Its mouth, however, is tightly closed and remains so up to the present time. While it breathes and sees, it cannot eat, though it is apparently as lively as any other frog.

Mr. Allen has the curiosity caged in a glass bottle half filled with water, and is keeping it at his office to watch its development.—*Helena (Mont.) Herald*.

#### The Sea Threw Rocks.

An Astoria, Ore., dispatch says: The light-house tender *Columbine* has returned from a trip to Tillamook Rock to investigate the damage to the light from the recent hurricane. The sea was too rough to approach within speaking distance of the rock, and the chief keeper sent his report to the steamer in a bottle, attached to a buoy. The report stated that the hurricane was the worst ever experienced on the coast. Mountains of water dashed against the rock on which the light stands, carrying away the top of the adjoining rock. Great waves leaped over the high walls, spending their force on the building, which trembled and rocked as if about to fall into the raging sea below. A crash of glass told of the damage caused by the waves. Fragments of rock, torn loose from the foundation, were hurled against the outer glass which protected the costly lenses. The panes were all broken and the lenses ruined, and the clock machinery revolving the light rendered useless. The force of the wind and waves can be imagined from the breaking of the



TYPICAL SWEDISH WOODSMAN.

lights 136 feet above the water. At one stage of the storm the water was six feet deep in the siren room and four feet deep in the living rooms, which are eighty-eight feet above high water. A monster rock, weighing about a ton, was hurled upward by the waves and, coming down, crashed through the roof of the living rooms, everything movable being washed away. Supplies were destroyed and the tanks flooded with salt water.

#### Twenty Elk in a Herd.

F. F. Williams made a flying trip to Hoquiam, and on his return saw a band of about twenty elk browsing alongside the road. They stood and let him look at them as long as he cared, but of course he had nothing to shoot with. He came in and reported the fact to Herman Walker, who immediately started out, found their trail and after following it about a mile, succeeded in getting a fine one. Several others have been killed lately, and they seem to be more plentiful than usual.—*Montesano (Wash.) Vidette*.

## PROGRESSIVE MINNEAPOLIS.

By E. V. Smalley.

A few years ago an article on Minneapolis by a St. Paul writer would have been scanned critically for evidences of prejudice or unfriendly motive, or at the best for indications of a failure fully to appreciate the achievements and elements of business strength of the young and progressive city at the falls of the Mississippi. This will not be the case now. A great change has come over the spirit of each of the Twin Cities in its way of looking at its neighbor. In each there is a general disposition to give full credit to the enterprise and solid attainments of the other; to stop running the other down; to cultivate a feeling of friendship; to encourage co-operation in the effort to hold for both the trade territory already secured and to push by joint efforts the work of extending the area of their joint trade. Perhaps the long siege of hard times we have been going through, in common with all other cities East and West, has had something to do with the fading out of the old jealousies and antagonisms. People have been too much occupied in "hoeing their own row" to waste time in fight-

encouragement of the further development of the agricultural and other resources of the country around them and for the defense and extension of their trade; that they will have a steady growth with the progress of the vast and as yet thinly populated areas to which they serve as the most convenient trade centers and that their true policy is to attend strictly to business and to waste no time in buncombe.

The Twin Cities have to compete with Chicago in a large part of the territory over which their trade relations extend. By their efforts in recent years they have conquered a good deal of country where Chicago used to have full swing, especially in South Dakota and Montana, and they have pushed out into Washington and Oregon where the San Francisco houses formerly had a monopoly of business. They are working down into Iowa and Wisconsin, too. In fact the radius of their operations is being constantly extended. The view entertained by the leading men in business circles in both cities is that the old houses in manufacturing and jobbing should be encour-

nesota. St. Paul is the older town and its people are warmly attached to the name of the vigorous apostle of the Gentiles, who took the altruistic teachings of Christ and formulated them into the Christian religion. No happy suggestion of a new name has yet been made. The present consensus of opinion in the two cities is that if municipal union should ever come it will be in the rather remote future and that the problem is one for the next generation to solve and not for the busy men of affairs of the present day to bother themselves about.

### GROWTH IN HARD TIMES.

While Minneapolis is not now eagerly figuring upon directory statistics and school statistics and election returns for evidence of a rapid increase of population, it is gratifying to her people to know that the hard times of the past few years have not been able to check her growth. When a city gets a strong forward impetus no ebb-tide of business is strong enough to bring it to a stand-still. The splendid advance which Minneapolis made between the decennial censuses of 1880 to 1890, when her population increased from 46,887 to 164,738, was not of such a nature that a breathing and resting spell followed as the result of excessive effort. The city was not overgrown in 1890. It has kept on growing ever since. Even the financial stringency of 1892 and the panic of 1893 did not bring it to a halt. The following figures of the enrollment of pupils in the public schools show the large gain in population that has taken place since 1890:



THE NEW LIBRARY BUILDING, UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA, MINNEAPOLIS.

ing their neighbors. There has come, too, to the thoughtful business men of both St. Paul and Minneapolis a conviction that the future growth of these cities must depend, not on the revival of the old boom methods, but on the steady development of population and products in the country which supports them. There is no disposition now to attempt to attract additional population to the cities by glowing accounts of their rapid growth and their special advantages; or to persuade weak manufacturing concerns to move here from other points by subsidies and promises; or to encourage the establishment of new business houses to compete with others that already occupy the field; or to duplicate in one of the cities industrial plants already in operation in the other as a matter of commendable public spirit and without regard to business results; or in any way to indulge in the inflation, boasting and excessive enthusiasm which used to be thought the best indications of zeal for the interests of one's own city. The general opinion now is that Minneapolis and St. Paul should act together in the

aged to enlarge their capital and secure increased results and should not be compelled to meet new competition at home from concerns set up from motives of local patriotism.

The friendly spirit prevailing in the two cities, which finds expression in the mutual courtesies of the two Commercial clubs, in the tone of the newspapers and in the talk of business circles, does not take the direction, at present, of any plans for municipal union. Minneapolis and St. Paul more than touch elbows. They sit side by side and clasp hands, but no one has yet been able to formulate any practicable plan for their consolidation. It would be difficult to establish a new center of government in the midway district that would satisfy both and would serve as the convenient focus of all the municipal affairs of a territory over twenty miles long and nearly five miles broad. Neither city would be willing to surrender its name. Minneapolis, as the more populous of the twins, could not reasonably be asked to do this; besides, her name is particularly appropriate, meaning as it does, the City of Min-

Year	Pupils Enrolled
1890.....	20,592
1891.....	21,966
1892.....	23,797
1893.....	25,402
1894.....	28,086

In a letter sending the above figures to the THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, Superintendent C. N. Jordan writes that he expects to enroll at least 31,000 pupils during the year 1895. A little ciphering in the "rule of three" will show that with a population of 164,738 in 1890 and a school enrollment in that year of 20,592, the same ratio of our population to pupils enrolled applied to the enrollment of 1894 shows that Minneapolis has now 224,302 inhabitants. We thus find that there has been the extraordinary and unexpected gain in four years of 59,564 inhabitants. Thoughtful men in Minneapolis are at a loss to account for this. They supposed that while the city was not by any means going backwards during the period of hard times, there was, nevertheless, a considerable exodus to the country of the unemployed and that this movement had nearly offset the



natural increase of population. There is no way of getting around these figures, however. Minneapolis people have of late rather underrated the force of the great impetus of growth received by their city during the late era of prosperity. It has been going ahead faster than they imagined was possible and today it has a right to claim a population of 225,000 without any of that spirit of brag and exaggeration which used to be rampant throughout the new West.

The vote at the last election was a surprise to the most sanguine men in Minneapolis who had diligently kept tally on the evidences of progress during the hard-times period. It confirms the school statistics and indicates a present population of about 225,000. These figures are all the more surprising from the fact that the recent depression and disturbance in industry and general business has thrown a large number of people out of employment in all our Western cities and has forced many to seek a livelihood in the country. The remarkable growth of Minneapolis throughout the whole period of hard times from which we are just emerging is accounted for by leading citizens by the fact that her great special industries were hardly affected at all in a way to decrease their operations. The business of handling grain went on just the same, and it is said was more profitable than it ordinarily is in good times, from the fact that the dealers made more from their advances on grain in a tight money market than they used to make when money was easy. The enormous milling industry has suffered no check. The new mills built in recent years at Superior and Duluth only serve to grind grain that would otherwise go on to Eastern mills. They have taken no business from the mills of Minneapolis. It is true that no new mills have been erected in Minneapolis for many years, but the old ones have improved their machinery and increased their capacity. The following table shows how strong and progressive the grain and flour business of the city at the falls is today. They reveal a steady growth and show plainly that the supremacy of Minneapolis as a wheat-buying and flour-making point has not been at all affected by the hard times:

Receipts of grain and output of flour for years named:

	1890.	1891.	1892.	1893.	1894.*
Wheat...	45,271,910	57,811,615	72,727,600	57,890,460	55,000,610
Corn....	3,482,310	2,779,310	2,630,520	3,375,600	4,090,330
Oats...	3,568,000	4,393,020	5,116,020	3,553,110	4,123,980
Barley...	477,000	1,018,600	2,358,200	2,062,660	650,910
Rye....	76,200	262,180	206,600	210,960	231,320
Flour...	6,988,830	7,877,947	9,750,470	9,377,635	9,400,535

\*Eleven months of 1894.

### THE GREAT FLOUR-PRODUCING METROPOLIS.

The fact is that the position of Minneapolis as the leading milling city of the continent is too strong to be shaken by any new competition. Her lead over all competitors is so great that she can afford to be indifferent to their efforts. She grinds more wheat into flour every year than all the other important milling points in the United States combined. This statement might well appear to be an exaggeration, but the figures are at hand to sustain it. The *Market Record*, a journal devoted to the grain and flour interests of Minneapolis, and everywhere accepted as an authority on the statistics of these interests, recently compiled a statement taken from the reports of chambers of commerce and other kindred institutions of the different prin-

cipal flour-producing cities of the United States, which gives results as follows:

In the first place, Minneapolis has the greatest mill capacity, being in 1893, 13,800,000 bbls. The city having mill capacity next in size is Superior, whose combined capacity with Duluth last year was 3,783,000 bbls. St. Louis coming third with a capacity of 3,180,000 bbls., and Milwaukee falling short from the St. Louis figure by 150,000 bbls. It is thus seen that the mill capacity for Minneapolis in 1893 was about twice as great as the three next in size combined. And in 1892 the result is about the same, excepting Superior, as the figures above given. And in both ways the mill capacity of Minneapolis is fully as great as all of the other twelve principal milling points of the country combined.

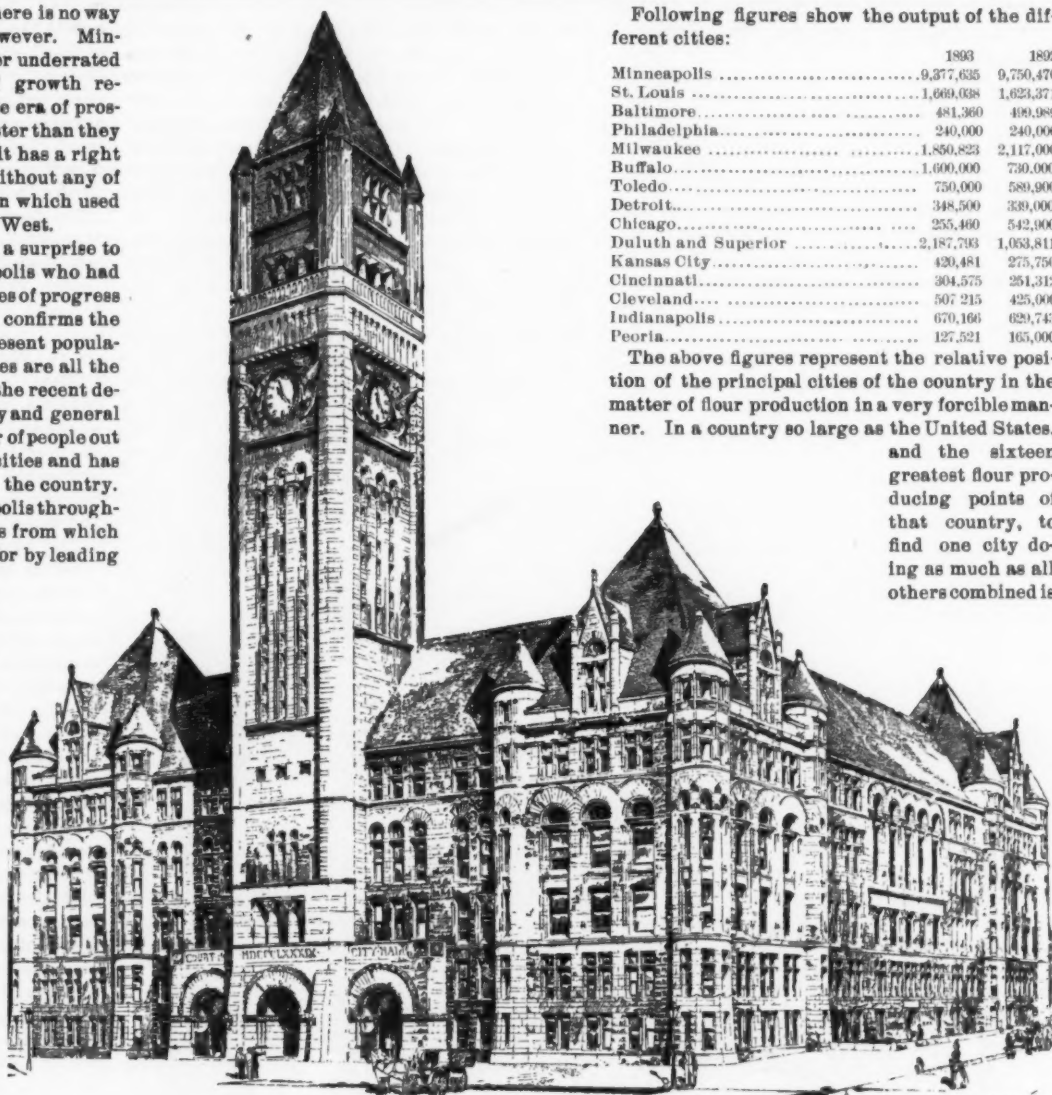
Now capacity is one thing and production is another. But Minneapolis makes as good a showing in this respect. In 1892 Minneapolis turned out 9,750,470 bbls., while the city coming next, which is Milwaukee, only turned out 2,117,000 bbls., with St. Louis third, producing 1,623,371 bbls., and Duluth and Superior combined, 1,053,000 bbls. And during the above year all the other fifteen chief points turned out 9,721,749 bbls., or 28,721 bbls. less than Minneapolis alone. Last year the result was practically the same, excepting that Superior took third place, St. Louis continued second and Milwaukee fell to fourth place. Minneapolis, last year, produced 9,377,635 bbls., which is considered more than the combined output of the twelve largest outside of this city.

Following figures show the output of the different cities:

	1893	1892
Minneapolis .....	9,377,635	9,750,470
St. Louis .....	1,669,038	1,623,371
Baltimore .....	481,360	409,989
Philadelphia .....	240,000	240,000
Milwaukee .....	1,850,823	2,117,000
Buffalo .....	1,600,000	730,000
Toledo .....	750,000	589,900
Detroit .....	348,500	339,000
Chicago .....	255,460	542,900
Duluth and Superior .....	2,187,793	1,053,811
Kansas City .....	420,481	275,750
Cincinnati .....	304,575	251,312
Cleveland .....	507,215	425,000
Indianapolis .....	670,166	629,743
Peoria .....	127,521	165,000

The above figures represent the relative position of the principal cities of the country in the matter of flour production in a very forcible manner. In a country so large as the United States,

and the sixteen greatest flour producing points of that country, to find one city doing as much as all others combined is



MINNEAPOLIS CITY HALL AND HENNEPIN COUNTY COURT HOUSE—UNDER CONSTRUCTION.—Long & Kees, Architects.

certainly a wonderful thing, and the figures are so large that one cannot appreciate them; but when the above comparisons are taken into consideration, we can see something of what 9,377,635 barrels of flour means.

The lumber industry employs a large number of workmen in Minneapolis. While the market has been dull the mills have been active of late, owing to the necessity of saving the dead timber in the large districts of the State over which forest fires have swept. If allowed to stand long after being killed by fire the timber gets decayed and worm-eaten. Consequently the lumbermen have been active in those districts of late and a great deal more work has been done in sawing up logs at the Minneapolis mills than the general condition of the market would ordinarily warrant. The result is that the population supported by this special industry in good times has been comfortably carried over the period of depression.

### POST-OFFICE STATISTICS.

From figures given below it will be seen that the growth of the Minneapolis post-office has been almost phenomenal. There is no surer indication of growth commercially than is shown by the receipts of a post-office in a large city. The post-office is the natural artery through which commercial growth is shown to the best advantage without inflation. The following tables give the receipts by quarters for 1893 and 1894:

The receipts by quarter for 1893 and 1894 were as follows:

	1893	1894
First quarter.....	\$116,703.11	\$119,773.21
Second quarter.....	108,711.89	121,160.58
Third quarter.....	115,510.00	104,916.78
Last quarter.....	124,018.17	122,960.57

Totals..... \$465,213.17 \$467,050.18

The table of increase by half-decades furnishes as much food for reflection to the student of municipal growth, for it contains a history of continual expansion year after year, which parallels the city's growth along all lines. It is given below:

1854.....	\$138.71
1859.....	2,334.05
1864.....	4,427.33



NICOLLET AVENUE, MINNEAPOLIS—SYNDICATE BLOCK ON THE RIGHT.

1860.....	18,882.64
1874.....	40,676.90
1879.....	66,880.45
1884.....	178,218.97
1889.....	300,400.00
1894.....	465,213.17

#### PUBLIC SPIRIT IN MINNEAPOLIS.

While giving due weight to the influence of the special industries of Minneapolis in carrying the city through the hard times, not only without loss of population but with an important gain, I think we must look deeper for the great underlying cause of our neighbor's prosperity and that we must recognize that cause as the remarkably active and united public spirit of the leading citizens. Towns have their mental characteristics

as well as individuals. Some are enthusiastic; some are dull; some are enterprising, others are conservative; some believe ardently in themselves; others doubt their own future and fear that their rivals have better advantages in the race for success. Some are narrow-minded and selfish; others are broad-minded and generous. And so we might go on finding in the aggregations of men that make up large communities the dominant traits of individuals. Minneapolis has been renowned from an early period in her history for a confident faith in her own possibilities, for a habit of working earnestly for her own interests and for the ability to solidify all her forces to accomplish results for the good of the city. Her people have cordially accepted the lead of a

how it has been possible to secure in Minneapolis such an ardent and practical public spirit and such a devoted following of the leadership of a few prominent men, we shall find, I think, the answer to our question in the fact that the dominant element of population in the city is the New England element. Theshrewd, intelligent, thrifty, pushing, energetic Yankee is found in every prominent walk of life in the Flour City. Minneapolis is in fact a New England colony. It is a Western Boston, with this difference, that in Boston the laboring classes are mostly Irish, while in Minneapolis they are mostly Scandinavian, which is better. The men of affairs in the young Western city are, however, as strongly Puritan in blood as are those of the old Massachusetts capital. They were of the most intelligent and progressive class of the young men of the New England States when they left their old homes and came West—not to grow up with the country but to build up the country by arduous and untiring efforts.

The builders of Minneapolis have the best heredity of business talent. They come of a race that has wrested wealth from the scanty natural resources of the New England States. They appreciated at once the value of the forests of Minnesota and of the great waterpower that tumbles over the Falls of St. Anthony. They knew what pine forests had done for Bangor and other Maine towns, and what waterpower had done for Lowell, Lawrence and a score of other manufacturing cities. They were skilled in a multitude of industrial pursuits which they were able to transplant to their new home. And what was also of great importance, they could command the backing of a very large part of that immense accumulation of New England capital which is constantly seeking remunerative investment. They were able to borrow millions to push their numerous prospects for developing their city, and as the city grew marvellously and these investments proved to be highly profitable other millions followed and Minneapolis became the favorite field for New England investors.

#### THE MINNEAPOLIS BANKS.

The following statement shows the capital, surplus and undivided profits and the deposits of the banks of Minneapolis at the date of their last published report:

Banks.	Capital.	Surplus & Undivided Profits.	Deposits.
Bank of Minneapolis	\$250,000.00	\$30,932.41	\$308,807.42
City Bank.....	300,000.00	20,919.97	712,644.06
Columbia National.	200,000.00	17,304.62	508,763.46
F. & M. Savings Bk.		210,000.00	5,658,618.46
First National....	1,000,000.00	32,888.08	2,898,472.88
Flour City.....	1,000,000.00	70,040.21	815,350.45
Germania.....	50,000.00	8,067.02	51,411.44
German-American.	60,000.00	24,474.01	304,292.74
Hennepin County..	100,000.00	40,172.19	947,551.56
Hill Sons & Co.....	100,000.00		
Irish-American....	100,000.00	19,201.30	530,861.90
Metropolitan.....	200,000.00	36,065.20	370,543.11
Nat. Bank of Com..	1,000,000.00	58,212.58	1,304,899.43
Nicollet National..	500,000.00	95,126.37	681,667.02
Northwestern Nat'l	1,250,000.00	537,826.49	2,717,369.90
People's.....	100,000.00	7,733.79	48,670.04
St. Anthony Falls..	150,000.00	8,406.25	419,351.43
Scandia.....	60,000.00	40,202.91	310,231.42
Security.....	1,000,000.00	540,067.68	4,721,040.28
Standard.....	50,000.00	4,227.84	101,001.58
Swedish-Am. Nat'l	250,000.00	3,314.88	860,195.43
Union National....	500,000.00	10,531.64	644,232.07
Washington.....	100,000.00	24,125.93	701,954.81
		\$8,320,000.00	

#### PHYSIOGNOMY OF MINNEAPOLIS.

The site of Minneapolis was originally an open plain, rimmed round with low, wooded hills. Through the center of the plain ran the Mississippi in long placid reaches until it tumbled over the Falls of St. Anthony. Then, as if gathering strength from its sudden plunge, it ran swiftly on over rocky shallows and brawling rapids, be-

little group of men largely interested in business affairs, and those men have always pulled together. When there has been anything important to be accomplished for the advancement of the city it has always been practicable to secure prompt and concerted action. The men put forward by public sentiment to lead in such action have been able to count upon the solid backing of the community. This has been a great factor in the growth of the city. A dozen or twenty men can be assembled any day in Minneapolis who will say yes or no to any important proposition affecting the interests of the place, and if they say yes they will find the means to carry the proposition into effect. Minneapolis people are for Minneapolis first, last and all the time.

If we push our inquiry a little further and ask



tween walls of limestone. The land sloped back gently from the bluffs below the falls and from the low banks above and the site was an admirable one for the economical development of a large city. St. Paul, built on rugged ground, had gulches to fill, ravines to bridge and cliffs to pare down, and many of her sewers had to be tunnelled through the rock which underlies the thin surface soil. The necessary result of the difference in the sites of the two sister cities is that the debt of St. Paul is more per capita of population than that of Minneapolis. For this result nature is chiefly to blame.

The Mississippi is still the chief feature of Minneapolis, as it was in the early days when two villages hugged the shore closely just above the falls and looked across the water at each other jealously; but the falls themselves have lost nearly all their scenic charm. The apron of plank covering the rocky precipice and the booms above for sorting logs give to the cataract such a prosaic and business-like appearance that many travellers passing over the stately stone-arch bridge for the first time on the trains of the Great Northern or the Northern Pacific look out on what they think is only a big mill dam and learn afterwards that they have passed with small notice one of the old historic, scenic spots of the continent, pictured in the geographies their fathers studied at school as a place of special interest. The big flouring mills, built of limestone, stand close together along the river's margin and from beneath them rush torrents of water that have done duty in turning their wheels. Many light and graceful steel bridges span the river above and below the falls. The steel-arch bridge, occupying the site of the picturesque suspension bridge of earlier days, is the great thoroughfare of travel between the east and west sides of the city. Near its eastern end looms up the huge bulk of the Exposition Building, which has done duty in housing all manner of great gatherings for the past eight years, including one national political convention. Not far below the falls the bluffs are crowned by the numerous structures of the great University of Minnesota, now ranking third in the number of its pupils among the colleges of the United States. These buildings are of many styles, ranging from the ugly limestone structures erected by the founders of the institution to the beautiful Greek temple completed last year. They well typify the progress of the university in wealth and in standards of taste.

A stranger sees at once that here is a city that was scientifically platted by men who believed that population would surely come into fill up their framework of regular streets and avenues. No cart-tracks or cow-paths were followed in the building of the first streets, and as there were no hills to level or gorges to fill, the engineers ran their lines straight across the prairies and gave ample space from curb to curb for the traffic of the future. They permitted few breaks in the regularity of their plat. Hennepin Avenue was originally a country road and it did not fit into the system with entire nicety; still it angles off only a little and makes no decided jar in the studied harmony of numbered avenues crossed by numbered streets. Nicollet Avenue, fortunately, was also allowed to retain its historic name, and the great wide cross-thoroughfare of trade, Washington Avenue, was equally lucky.

A fair criticism on the general system of numbering streets instead of naming them is that it is carried too far. When a man tells you that he lives on Twenty-first Avenue South between Sixth and Seventh streets, that description of his place of abode localizes him admirably, if you can remember it, but there is neither poetry, history nor local color in it. You turn for relief to the few streets like those mentioned, and



THE THIRTEEN-STORY GUARANTY LOAN BUILDING, MINNEAPOLIS.

like Hawthorne and University avenues that have not been forced to take titles from the arithmetic.

If you ascend to the top of one of the high buildings you will find that the whole city lies spread out before you like a map and that the conspicuous edifices tower above its even surface with remarkable prominence. The elevators and mills mark the course of the river and the routes of the railroads. In the business district the new Court House, the Guaranty Loan, the New York

Life, the Lumber Exchange, the West Hotel, Temple Court, the Boston Block, the Masonic Temple and half a dozen other structures tower far above the general roof level. In a modern city like Minneapolis the church steeples are not conspicuous, because the greater bulk of the tall office buildings makes their slender, heaven-pointing, finger-like spires hardly noticeable. Trade has of late quite dwarfed religion in the size of its edifices. And so has education, for the public school houses make more of a figure on the face of a city now-a-days than the churches. Minneapolis takes good care of her school children. The big brick buildings with cupolas and many windows which you see scattered all over the city as you look down and off from your high point of view are all school houses, and the handsome High School, constructed of native stone, rightly leads them all for size and beauty.

Above the steel-arch bridge the smooth expanse of the river is streaked and spotted with logs and booms and lined with sawmills and lumber piles. This is not a region of the picturesque, but as a wealth-producing district it ranks next to the flour-mill district below the bridge. No painter has yet found his way here, yet if we could revive the spirit of the old Dutch and Flemish schools here in the Northwest much material for true art would be found in the stalwart figures of the agile, red-shirted loggers, cleverly balancing themselves on their insecure floating footholds, and in the dextrous mill men who feed the whirling saws. The spots now beloved of Minneapolis artists are the shores of the small lakes that lie on the city's western verge, the falls and gorge of Minnehaha, and the famous pleasure-resort, Lake Minnetonka, with its fleets of yachts, its villas and hotels.

Minneapolis has hundreds of handsome houses but it can show no one street sacred to wealth and aristocracy, like Summit Avenue, in St. Paul, or Grand Avenue and Prospect Avenue, in Milwaukee, or Euclid Avenue, in Cleveland. The fine mansions are scattered here and there in the midst of modest, tasteful dwellings tenanted by people of moderate incomes. Park Avenue, the favorite street for pleasure driving and for the evolutions of the great and growing army of bicycle riders, promised to be the swell thoroughfare in the recent period of rapid growth and will probably in the course of time achieve this distinction, but up to this date it is not essential for people

who aspire to positions on the crest of the wave of fashion to live in any particular street or ward. Just as there is no distinct nabob quarter, so there is no distinct slum quarter. The poorer people live at the North End and the South End and on the East Side, but there is no special district noted for either poverty or vice.

Most of the railway lines find entrance to the city along the banks of the river and create no obstacles to street traffic, but there are two important roads which cut across the well-built districts of the West Side near the business center. After long effort the municipal government induced the company owning the right of way used by these roads to lower the tracks, and the streets are now carried over them at grade level. This is one of the most notable public improvements of late years.

Our outlook over Minneapolis from our supposed lofty point of observation—let us say the roof of the Guaranty Loan



THE MINNEAPOLIS CLUB BUILDING.

Building, which is central and convenient of access—shows a compact business district better built up than you will find in many century-old Eastern cities, and surrounded by rather loosely-built residence districts, reaching out towards the horizon in all directions, the dwellings mainly of wood, each with its lawn in front and a strip of side yard separating it from its neighbors. The lots are larger in the center of the city than further out and this arises from the fact that in the first platting the liberal pioneers allowed sixty feet of frontage to each. When land became more valuable additions were laid out with forty and thirty-foot-front lots. Here and there you notice rows of brick dwellings, but these are exceptional. The Western man

to its sister, St. Paul, and along them run swiftly the large comfortable cars of the Interurban line, making the trip from the center of one town to the center of the other in forty-five minutes.

#### SOME FEATURES OF MINNEAPOLIS.

Strangers in Minneapolis never fail to remark the endless throng of people to be seen any weekday in the central retail district. Where they all come from, where they're going, who they are—these questions are just as much of a puzzle to the down-town Minneapolitan as to anyone else. A city of over two hundred thousand inhabitants might naturally be expected to exhibit a few thousand of them in the course of a busy

woodsman in a dizzy red mackinaw, and otherwise picturesquely clad, who doesn't mind a bit being jostled by handsome ladies in balloon-sleeved garments. He takes his time and is very good-natured.

The Grand Opera House entrance on Sixth presents a pretty scene on matinee afternoons, and the street is usually well peopled on down to First Avenue, where stands the Minneapolis Club's attractive home. A block further east, at First Avenue and Fifth Street, on what was a mighty lonesome corner three years ago, is a great department store; while opposite, another big brick business structure is growing as fast as men and money can make it. At Fifth and Second Avenue the New York Life Building stands almost alone in its glory, but probably not for long, as there is a decided movement in its direction. On south another block and the colossal new city hall and court house looms suddenly into view, its proportions fairly startling one at first glance. Work on this greatest, costliest building in the Northwest is just now suspended, but another winter will likely see its exterior well along toward completion. Conservative heads estimate the total cost at \$3,500,000. It occupies the entire square bounded by Fourth and Fifth streets and Third and Fourth avenues south.

First Avenue appears to have an ambition to get ahead of Nicollet—the handsomest street in the city. And so far as buildings are concerned, that object is not unlikely to be attained within a year or two. Its growth, from Third to Sixth Street, has been phenomenal in the past five years. At the corner of Fourth are the massive Bank of Commerce, the lofty, graceful Oneida Building and the Century Piano Company's building, which shelters also the *Daily Tribune*. Across the street, where recently stood the ruin of the old Tribune Building, a handsome business block is under construction that will be a credit to the city. Over the way, a little to the north, is the Journal Building, in which are the offices of the *Journal* and the *Times*. Opposite is the elegant new structure of the Nicollet National Bank. Another very handsome new bank building, that of the Farmers and Mechanics, stands just south of the Bank of Commerce. A few doors east of the old Tribune corner is the new People's Theater, the front of which is conspicuous for its architectural beauty. A little further east and occupying the southwest corner of Third Street is the post-office, a particularly handsome structure of light-colored stone. It is a large, imposing building, and very costly, but it is dwarfed by that great, towering pile of sandstone and granite—the Guaranty Loan Building.

A very busy corner at all hours is that at Third Street and First Avenue. Electric cars from over half the lines in the city pass here, including the Interurban, which now makes a circuit, or "loop," of Washington, Hennepin, Sixth and First back to Washington, where it takes the track to St. Paul. At First and Washington the dime museum is perhaps the most conspicuous object. Its nightmare of exterior decorations seems to make people nervous. It serves, however, as a most excellent "landmark" for the visitor to the metropolis; and within the shadow of its walls or the glare of its dazzling lights may be seen every variety of humanity to be found in the Northwest.

Nicollet Avenue is a block north, and from that point to the Milwaukee Depot, four blocks south, Washington Avenue is a veritable Broadway and Bowery combined. There are big retail stores, attractive and respectable, and dirty little second-hand shops run by beady-eyed Jews; there are gorgeous saloons to which the rural visitor wonders that no admission is charged, and foul-smelling groggeries that you hurry past with your hand on your pocketbook; concert halls



SOME POINTS OF INTEREST IN MINNEAPOLIS.

loves elbow room and doesn't like to live squeezed up against his neighbors. Apartment houses have enjoyed a certain popularity in recent years as abodes of small families and of quiet, elderly people who seek to avoid as much of the friction of housekeeping as possible, and there are a score or more of these structures which form handsome features of the physiognomy of the city. Nevertheless, with all the recent growth in city ways, more than nine-tenths of the population still live in separate houses, in accordance with the good old New England village system. Electric roads run out in every direction to the remote fringes of suburban life and all these lines draw in to a focus at or very near the corner of Washington and Hennepin avenues. A ligature of steel rails binds the city

day, but the multitude that is to be seen ordinarily on Nicollet Avenue from Seventh Street to Bridge Square, on Hennepin east of Fourth, on all cross streets to Washington, on First Avenue South for three or four blocks, and along the entire length of that great retail thoroughfare—Washington Avenue, is a feature peculiar to Minneapolis. And there are apparently few idlers, even in those localities where they would naturally be looked for. On Nicollet, from Fifth to Seventh and in that neighborhood, where fashionable ladies mostly do their shopping and the big retail stores are situated, everybody seems to be eagerly bent on some errand or other. Now and then might be noticed a bewildered old lady trying to "get her bearings" through a nervous pair of spectacles, or maybe a stolid Swede



where the lusty logger can drink poor beer and feast his hungry eyes on calclimined female beauty while he listens to the entrancing strains of a wheezy violin and a colicky cornet; there are pawnshops of every grade known to the profession, and lunch rooms where a sawmill appetite can be satisfied (if its owner is not fastidious) for fifteen cents, and there are also good hotels, with "all the modern conveniences."

Down around the Union Depot is a very interesting place to visit if you've nothing else to do. The big waiting rooms on both the street level and the track level generally contain enough people and in sufficient variety to entertain you for half an hour. Bridge Square, too, holds a peculiar interest for most visitors, with its hundreds of teams; and the view looking up the gently diverging avenues—Nicollet and Hennepin—never fails to impress at first sight. Then in the other direction is the graceful steel-arch bridge across the west channel of the Mississippi.



THE BANK OF COMMERCE BUILDING, MINNEAPOLIS.

sions, Central Avenue, is lined with substantial, prosperous-looking retail establishments for several blocks east from the bridge. Then to the south and east stretches away for a mile or two a most charming residence district, where live hundreds of well-to-do business and professional men, whose pretty homes give evidence of culture and advanced social condition.

Possibly a greater number of people can be seen from in front of the Nicollet House than from any one point in the city. Here, too, on the immediate left, which is the junction of Hennepin and Washington avenues, the extent of the great street railway system of Minneapolis impresses you most. There is not a moment during the active business hours that six to a dozen electric cars cannot be seen from this corner. And of course there is a proportionate amount of noise. Up Hennepin to Third, and on west to Fourth, past the big office buildings, and on up to Fifth, you pause to size up the West Hotel, the imposing archi-

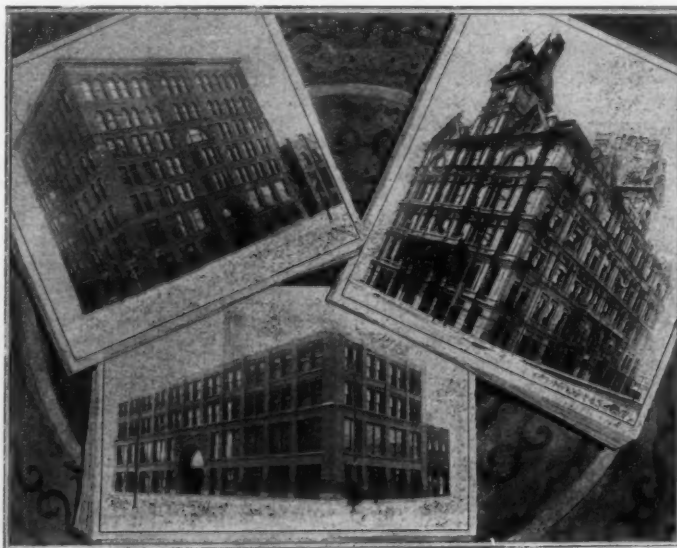


THE NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING, MINNEAPOLIS.



THE PHOENIX BUILDING, MINNEAPOLIS.

You cannot resist going a little way out upon it, no matter what the weather is, to get a look up and down the river. There is much to be seen when once past the Union Depot, whose upper end abuts the airy structure. If the weather is at all on its good behavior, the walk will be continued on to Nicollet Island, that long, narrow strip of land with its fine dwellings, shaded avenues, modest stores and manufacturing plants—nearly all the social and industrial elements of a city, in fact. It is difficult to realize, at first, that you are on an island in a river. But while you are at it, go on over the short span across the east channel, down which float a million or two of logs every year, and take a look at the East Side—a very important part of this big city. The one business street of any preten-



CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, CORN EXCHANGE AND FLOUR EXCHANGE, MINNEAPOLIS.

ture of which leads one at first glance to neglect its dimensions. But before you go in to engage a suite on the first floor or to examine the magnificent marble wainscoting of the rotunda, turn round and look at that huge, sombre, sky-obstructing stone structure on the opposite corner, the Lumber Exchange. The longer you look the bigger it grows, until you finally get to wondering what those puny four or five-story houses are doing in the same block! But there is more to see if you continue up Hennepin.

Masonic Temple lifts its majestic, white stone proportions, at Sixth, away above its near surroundings, and saves the architectural credit of that crossing. A glimpse down Sixth Street to Nicollet shows a scene of activity in marked contrast to that at

Sixth and Hennepin. But don't allow that to change your course. Away on ahead of you is a big, dark-colored stone building of peculiar shape, which is the Public Library, at the corner of Tenth Street. On the way to it you will pass the Lyceum Theater, the Holmes, one of the swell up-town hotels, and some very handsome residences. Nicollet Avenue, which was only a few steps from the corner of Washington and Hennepin, where you started, has been gradually drawing away toward the south until now you can scarcely distinguish it. Take a look into the Library Building, and then, if you don't care to go out to Loring Park, eight or nine blocks farther, and circulate around among the costly dwellings in that neighborhood, turn down Tenth leisurely and keep your eyes wide open; for there are a great many fine residences on that street. It will take an hour to see it properly, after which you might come back to Nicollet by Ninth or Eighth, and once more lose yourself in the hurrying throng that crowds that thoroughfare of traffic.

The Syndicate Block, that covers half the entire square bounded by Nicollet, First Avenue, Fifth and Sixth, probably holds the most interest, for the average sight-seer, of any of the Nicollet Avenue buildings. It is the largest general business structure in the city, and its architecture is not surpassed in beauty and impressiveness by any other, new or old. After you've seen everything worth looking at in the retail district, go up on First Avenue North, in the neighborhood of Third Street, and see the handsome new buildings of the new wholesale district. Then take a day off and go through one or two of the big flour mills. And another might be profitably spent in the various buildings of the University of Minnesota. Still another could be devoted, if it happens to be summer-time, to the parks, of which Minneapolis is justly proud. There's plenty to see.

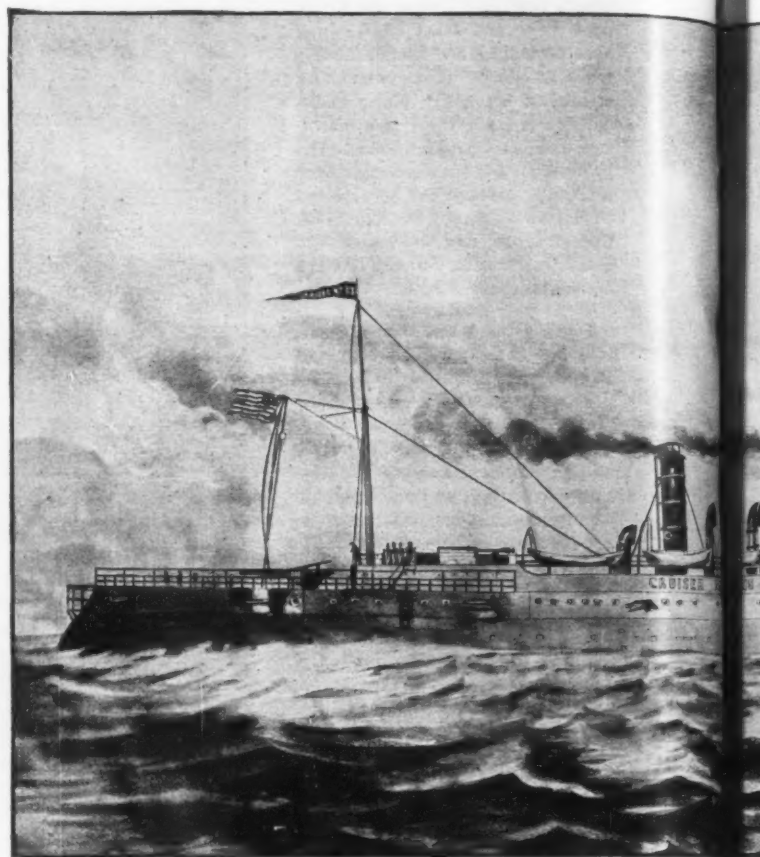
#### ARTISTIC METAL WORK.

It has been remarked numberless times by globe-trotters and Eastern visitors that in the interior finishings of our big new buildings the Twin Cities are away ahead of any other part of the country. The ornamental metal work is par-

ticularly mentioned in this connection, and it is a matter of considerable pride with the average Minneapolitan or St. Paulite that this beautiful work is done by home artisans. Great progress has been made in recent years in this industry, and there are pretty effects accomplished, at no great expense, that were not dreamed of a year or two ago.

The concern that has made probably the most advancement and whose work is most conspicuous in these cities is the Flour City Ornamental Works. This factory is situated at Twelfth Avenue and Fourth Street South, and the office at 506 Fourth Avenue South, Minneapolis. These works are equipped with every possible facility for making metal railings for all purposes, bank and office fixtures, etc., in rustless iron and electroplate—in short, everything in the way of art metal and architectural iron work. In the year and a half the firm has been in business they have built up a reputation for beauty in design and for the durability of their work. They have finished a number of the largest and handsomest office buildings and residences in the two cities, among which might be named the Oneida Block, the Barge Building, Geo. Benz & Sons, the New England Association Building, the Montefiore Chapel, the Bank of Minneapolis and J. F. Tournellotte's residence in Minneapolis, and the Marlborough Building and the Masonic Building in St. Paul.

The new Phoenix Building at First Avenue and Fourth Street South, of which a cut is printed elsewhere in this issue, contains a conspicuous and creditable example of this concern's work.



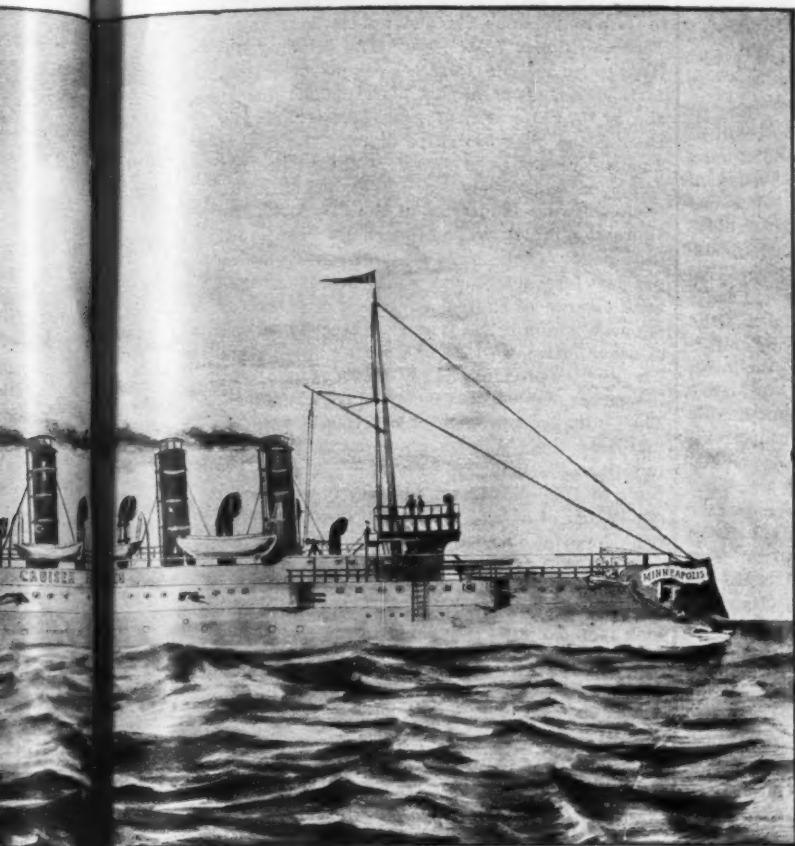
THE NEW U. S. CRUISER MINNEAPOLIS, TO WHICH THE CITY HAS GIVEN ITS NAME.

The elevator cars and enclosures are from their factory, and are models of their kind. In this line, as well as others, the Flour City Ornamental Works are prepared to furnish large contracts on short notice, and to furnish, also, designs free of charge, and they guarantee entire satisfaction in every case. There is a probability that this factory will grow into one of the largest manufacturing plants in the Northwest. It is an important industry.



VIEW OF MINNEAPOLIS FROM THE EASTERN SIDE OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, SHOWING THE PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS.





THE CITY OF MINNEAPOLIS RECENTLY PRESENTED A SILVER SERVICE.

#### A DULUTH GIRL'S IMPRESSIONS OF SEATTLE.

A Duluth girl who visited Seattle wrote recently in the following enthusiastic strain to a friend in the latter city:

I want to write to tell you how fascinated I was with your beautiful city and how attached I became to it during a short visit of a few weeks there, not long ago. It was not at its fairest season that Seattle first became a living reality

tendant upon my first visit there, or perhaps because I did not come in touch with the hard-working, unhappier lot of beings, was it that it seemed to my mind to be a place where all the inhabitants were happy and full of the life and joyousness that thrilled all about them. The very atmosphere breathed romance to me, and many a sweet waking dream came to me as I went about that won derland of gardens and lakes, climbing the heights and looking about

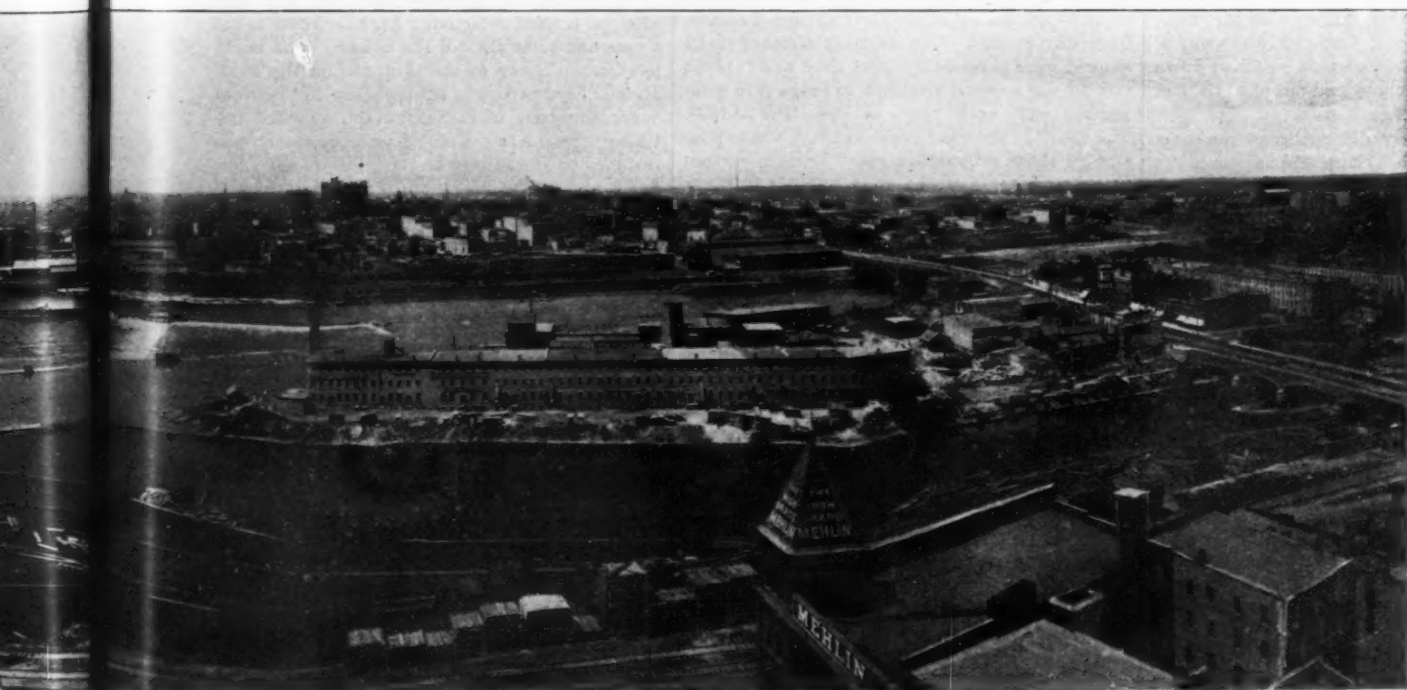
to me. It was late in October when I stepped off the Northern Pacific train one morning—hardly knowing whether I was on land or water, we had ridden so far upon road built wholly upon piles—and found myself within the city of my dreams. But although so late in the season of the year, when already old Minnesota, that I had so recently left, had taken on sombre hues, and premonitory frosts and chilling winds were creeping upon cities and prairies, yet here it was as though I had come suddenly into a veritable "Garden of the Gods," so warm and soft was the air, so bright and healthful the sunshine and so clothed in beauty of flower, vine and tree was the lovely city. I could not take it all in fast enough—the glory of the surrounding scenery, the structure of the vast city itself and its transcendent beauty. An impression as of the eternal city, built upon its seven hills, came to me and remained; I never picture the place in my mind now, but its hills with all their picturesque covering, and the winding cables up and down, are brought instantly to view.

Perhaps because I was so happy, and was filled with the exhilarating excitement at-

over the town, made up of hills with little lakes thrown in the hollows between, or wandering down toward the Sound and gazing off toward those "everlasting hills"—the glorious Olympic Range, standing like mighty sentinels keeping guard over the queenly city, on the one hand, and the splendid Cascade Range on the other, with old Mt. Ranier boldly lording it over them all in the radiance of the falling sun. Surely no spot on earth could be more fraught with poetry and song, no other place better calculated to inspire with noble purposes and pure living. I preached multitudes of little sermons to myself during those times of lofty influences, reflected upon my soul by all the magnificence about me.

One feature of the life of the city that was novel and strange to my puritanical mind was the busy night-time; there seemed not to be time enough in the daytime allotted for either business or gaiety, and there really were no nights. The heavy wagons and lighter carriages were rolling past my window the whole night through, and the busy cable cars were ceaselessly climbing up and gliding down the long lines of strong, shiny rails, while the throng of pedestrians was constant and hurrying as through the whole day long. Everyone seemed to be getting so much out of life; life was so free, so gay, so careless and so real. How I longed to spend my days there, and to learn the secret of the bright, cheery, contented life that pervaded everything! What wonder I thought I'd been transported, or that the glory and loveliness of it all got into my brain, and intoxicated me with sensuous delight! It was fortunate for my stability of mind that I had happened into the town at its most sober season; had it been when spring was scattering with lavish hand the fragrance and color of the new-born buds and blossoms all about, and when the life-giving air was most exhilarating and stimulating—if it had been then that I first beheld the place I fear I might never have wakened out of the semi-unconsciousness that took possession of me.

Well, I suppose there is a sombre side to even life at Seattle, and that ways of darkness and evil are not unknown to her; but I'm glad I did not see any of it; and the visions that come to me now out of the busy cares that surround me are always of the same ideal city, than which there can be no other fairer on earth. BETH BELL.



THE PRINCIPAL MILLS AND BUSINESS STRUCTURES AND THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY.—[From a photo by W. R. Miller.



Entered for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

E. V. SMALLEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

#### BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

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DISCONTINUANCES.—Remember that the publisher must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his magazine stopped. All arrears must be paid. ALL LETTERS should be addressed to

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE,  
ST. PAUL, MINN.

ST. PAUL, FEBRUARY, 1895.

#### HAS BEEN THERE HIMSELF.

The Portland *Oregonian* has been publishing some vigorous, common-sense editorials of late advising unemployed men to rustle for something to do, to take hold of any sort of work they can find that will earn them food and shelter and to cease hanging around the street corners talking politics and waiting for somebody to hire them. Some one took exceptions to the editor's advice and wrote: "We do not wish Mr. Scott any harm, but for a short time and in the way of experiment we should like to see him drop down in Portland, out of money and out of work, and without friends."

This critic evidently did not know the early history of Harvey Scott, the veteran editor of the *Oregonian*, who is sometimes called the Horace Greeley of Pacific Coast journalism. In reply he says of himself: He was in exactly that position in Portland over forty years ago. But he didn't stand around and whine, nor look for resources in political agitation or bogus money, nor join a Coxey army. He struck out for the country, dug a farmer's potatoes, milked the cows and built fences for his food and slept in a shed; got a job of rail-splitting and took his pay in an order for a pair of cowhide boots; in those boots trudged afoot to Puget Sound; "rustled" there for three years and raked together \$70, with which he came back to Oregon, afoot, to go to school, and managed by close economy to live six months, till, his last dollar having vanished, he bought an ax of Tom Charman of Oregon City, on credit, made himself a camp on the hill above Oregon City and cut cordwood till he got a little money to pay debts he owed for books and clothes. The next few years were spent very much the same way—hard work and hard study, but nothing for beer and tobacco, and no time fooled away listening to political demagogues. All this is very commonplace, but it is recited to show that when

the editor of that newspaper talks about hard times, self-help and what men can do, he knows what he is talking about.

#### A NEW TOWN IN MONTANA.

The Parrot company, of Butte, has determined to erect new works in the spring on the Jefferson River four miles from the present station of Whitehall. This important move is influenced by the fact that the old works at Butte are of insufficient capacity and cannot be extended on account of the want of a larger water supply. No doubt a further consideration with the management of this old and wealthy corporation is the desire to thoroughly modernize their establishment by putting in the new plant all the latest inventions and devices in the way of machinery and processes so as to be in a condition to handle gold, silver, copper and lead ores with the greatest possible economy. The recent important discoveries of gold and silver ores in Jefferson County, in the vicinity of the site selected for the new Parrot works and on lines of railway which make them easily accessible from that site, may also have something to do with the decision. The location selected is an admirable one for building up a model smelter town. It lies in the almost level valley of the Jefferson below the canyon, where there is plenty of room for town building as well as for extensive works and where there is an abundance of pure water for domestic and manufacturing purposes and for the irrigation of lawns, gardens and fields. It is said that the new town will be named Farrell, in honor of the manager of the company, and that when the works are completed they will employ 500 men. With 500 wage-earners in Farrell a population of at least 2,000 will soon dwell in the place, making it one of the important towns of Montana.

#### TACOMA'S ANNUAL SHOWING.

No one will dispute the statement that during the past year times have been hard in the young cities of our North Pacific Coast. Business conditions have no doubt seemed to the people of those places worse than they really were from the fact that they contrasted them with the extraordinary conditions that prevailed a few years ago, when population increased with marvellous rapidity and values of property advanced almost from day to day. The booming times of rapid growth were necessarily short lived and it is not fair to the present situation to judge it in comparison with such years as 1888, 1889 or 1890. The reaction from the great activity and expansion of those prosperous years brought certain evils in its train which were not felt in older cities. Real estate shrunk in value and many people who had been living very handsomely on the gains of speculation found themselves without occupation or income. In very few instances, however, has there been in those cities any general collapse of business or an actual loss of population. Where such calamities have occurred they have been confined to places founded purely on speculation and destitute of real resources for their support.

It is gratifying to observe by the report of the business activities of Tacoma in 1894 which recently appeared in the *Ledger*, that one of the youngest and most enterprising of the coast cities is able to make a very good and encouraging showing at the end of a year of general depression. For the first time in its history Tacoma's exports exceeded \$6,000,000 in 1894, and this, too, in spite of the low prices prevailing for its two chief articles of export trade—wheat and flour. During the year 3,784,084 bushels of wheat were shipped to foreign ports and 1,464,863 bushels to domestic ports. Of flour the shipments were 274,587 barrels; of lumber 55,367,796 feet; of

coal, 238,625 tons. A new article of export given in the published table is condensed milk, of which Tacoma shipped 7,209 cases. The shipping statistics also include 1,073,984 pounds of cotton, 2,304,390 pounds of salmon, 70,000 pounds of meat and \$1,150,000 worth of general merchandise. During the year 365 ships entered the port of Tacoma, exclusive of steamers and other craft employed exclusively on Puget Sound. The manufacturing industries of the city stood the depression pretty well and only a few were forced to suspend. Their total output fell off only fifteen per cent from the figures of 1893 and 1892. The bank clearances showed a decrease of seventeen percent, which is less than the average decrease of other cities west of the Rocky Mountains. The smelter produced 14,209 ounces of gold, 280,204 ounces of silver and 3,562,438 pounds of lead. The fishing industry yielded \$571,650. The schools increased their enrollment of pupils from 7,023 in 1892 and 7,548 in 1893 to 7,774 in 1894. On the basis of this enrollment the city now claims a population of 54,000. In view of these statistics the people of Tacoma have good reason to feel satisfied that they live in a city that has a solid support in the actual production of wealth and in the movements of a large commerce and they may look forward with confidence to the early dawn of a new era of general prosperity.

#### MOUNT TACOMA A SMOULDERING VOLCANO.

It has long been asserted that the immense and superb mountain, which the Tacoma people call Tacoma and the Seattle people call Rainier, is a comatose volcano with fires still smouldering under its eternal snows, but this assertion has not been generally credited, and the occasional appearance of smoke arising from its crater has commonly been attributed to cloud effects. In December last, after this smoke appearance had been for some time unusually noticeable, the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* dispatched an expedition to the mountain, consisting of five courageous men, well equipped for battling with snow and ice, with instructions to ascertain whether there was actually any volcanic action going on at the summit. The expedition, under command of Maj. E. S. Ingraham, failed to reach the summit on account of snow-storms and the severity of the cold at that great altitude, but the men attained a point sufficiently high for them to get a near and clear view of the crater. The party left Carbon River on the 19th, and on the 23rd, after a hard struggle through the forests that cover the base of the mountain, reached the timber line. After a day's rest the march was resumed on the 24th over the glaciers and snow fields, and on the afternoon of that day the evidences of volcanic activity were plainly seen. Maj. Ingraham says in his report:

"Our hunger, thirst and fatigue were all forgotten in admiration of the scene around us. Distance was annihilated. Puget Sound and the Straits seemed to be at our feet, while the Olympic Range stood out in bold relief from its southern limit to Cape Flattery. Northward and eastward we beheld the Cascades, the lesser peaks sinking into the great sea of hills, while Baker, Shuksan, Garfield and the higher peaks flashed and glistened in the upper sky. The panorama of that day was worth the fatigue of the trip twice over. Later a warm spring gushing from the hillside, but refusing the embraces of the ice king, gladdened our hearts and quenched our thirst. After going about a mile further and rounding the foot of the great wall of rock dividing the Carbon from Winthrop Glacier, I looked upward and beheld the eastern rim of the crater, bare in summer, but on this occasion covered with spotless snow. Curling slowly upward from within the rim of the crater, I saw three jets of steam, white, against



the cloudless sky. The sight was sudden and unexpected. Only on one other occasion had I seen jets of steam while on the mountain side. That was while I was making the ascent on the south side at a point much nearer the summit than on this occasion. Looking to the right in the direction of the smaller crater, I beheld what I have never seen before, either when upon the top of the mountain or climbing its sides—a column of dark smoke slowly ascending. I excitedly exclaimed to my companions: "See the smoke! See the steam!" For fully five minutes we gazed at the pearly white columns of steam on the left and the ebony black column of smoke on the right. Our haste to push onward would not allow us to linger, so we soon lost sight of the crater by passing behind another spur."

#### COLLAPSE OF A FOOLISH RAILWAY SCHEME.

The rock-bound coast of Oregon is indented, about 125 miles south of the mouth of the Columbia, by a fine bay called Yaquina, which, by the aid of improvements made by the Government, has been converted into a good harbor for vessels of moderate draft. The surrounding country is a heavily timbered wilderness and the Coast Mountains cut off communication with the fertile valley of the Willamette, which lies between this range and the much loftier chain of the Cascade Mountains. About a dozen years ago an enterprising Scotchman named Hogg studied the peculiar geography of Oregon and made up his mind that a railroad from the Willamette Valley to Yaquina Bay would draw off to the ocean a large part of the wheat that goes down the valley to Portland and out to sea by way of the Columbia. He organized a company, enlisted a good deal of Scotch capital and after many financial vicissitudes succeeded in building some fifty miles of road from the bay of Corvallis in the valley. There he rested for a few years. He did not get the wheat of the valley for an obvious reason. The existing roads running lengthwise of the valley gathered up the grain from the farms and continued to haul it to Portland, where the center of commerce for the region is located, as it was for their plain interest to do, instead of turning it over to Mr. Hogg's little line. Mr. Hogg then raised more money and built on eastward across the valley to the base of the Cascade Mountains. Still he could not divert commerce from its established channel. He got a little wheat to haul from farms along the line of his road, but he could not make the line pay. Then he went back to Scotland and convinced his friends that the thing to do was to give him more money and lots of it, so he could build across the Cascades, and over the desolate arid plains of Eastern Oregon to Boise, in Idaho. Once at Boise he hoped to attract the Northwestern, or the Burlington, to build a thousand miles of road to connect with him, to adopt his line as a Pacific Coast extension and to make a terminal city at Yaquina that would rival Portland. He continued to tap the pockets of the rich Scotchmen in Glasgow, Edinburgh and Aberdeen until he had actually got eleven millions of dollars out of them. All he could show for their money was 147 miles of railroad, ending in a gorge on the western slope of the Cascade Mountains. On this small mileage of completed road there are outstanding \$15,000,000 of bonds and several millions of stock, and there are unsecured debts in the form of receivers' certificates, unpaid interest, wages, etc., amounting to \$910,000. On December 22nd the property was sold at auction and was bought by Messrs. Eddy and Hammond, merchants and contractors of Missoula, Montana, for the trifling sum of \$100,000.

This brief tale of extravagance and folly well illustrates one of the phases of the era of specu-

lation this country recently passed through—we mean the credulity of capital. It was easy in that period of delusion, born of the greed for making money quickly, to persuade wealthy men to invest in almost any scheme that some smart promoter could make look attractive on paper. The further off the scheme was located from the source of capital the promoter sought to tap the easier it was for him to succeed. The English and Scotch, who are the shrewdest men of business in the world, were the most willing victims. They poured millions into Australia and South America and almost any sort of a railroad project in our Western States that was brought to their notice coupled with specious statements of large probable profits depleted their fat bank accounts. The Oregon Pacific Railroad, which was the name of Hogg's scheme, never had any merit except as a local road from the valley down to the coast. No practical American railway man ever had the slightest faith in it. Yet the Scotchmen put eleven millions of dollars into it without any serious investigation of its very evident drawbacks.

#### CATTLEMEN VERSUS SETTLERS.

The old controversy between the range stock men and the small ranchmen who settled in the pastoral regions of the West, which dates back to the early days of the range cattle industry, has broken out afresh this winter in the North Dakota legislature. The ranchers and townpeople are seeking legislation that will extend the areas of certain organized counties so as to bring in for local taxation the herds that now roam over the unorganized territory, and at the same time the stockmen would like to have laws passed setting apart the unorganized counties as a permanent grazing belt exempt from the State herd laws, so that ranchers in those counties will have no right of suit for damages done to unfenced crops. In a late issue of the *Bismarck Tribune* the editor, Mr. R. N. Stevens, publishes an article over his own signature advocating the adoption of such legislation. His argument is that the fattening of cattle on a large scale can be carried on most profitably where cattle are allowed to range at large, or where very large pastures can be fenced in for their use; that the laws necessary for the protection of crops in the Red River Valley against stock running at large necessarily ought to be different from the laws governing in that part of the State where the running at large of stock is necessary for the best interests of the country; that there seems to be a natural antagonism between the stockman's interest and the wheat grower's interest in the State which ought not to exist; that both have their legitimate industries, and both have their proper territorial limits in the State, and both should contribute to the support of the State and the Government and that a majority of the cattle interest is carried on in territory belonging to unorganized counties.

He further says that as long as the laws on the statute books stand as they are, a dozen men can go into these unorganized counties of McKenzie, Williams, Hettinger, Bowman or Dunn and practically break up the range system for cattle by squatting upon land never intended for agricultural purposes, and bringing suits against the cattle men for trespass. The northern part of Burleigh County, and from there to the Canadian line, is practically the same kind of country. With proper laws, Mr. Stevens concludes, the cattle industry would thrive and prosper to such an extent so that North Dakota would in a few years have a reputation as one of the best cattle countries in the Northwest.

There is a good deal of force in this argument. Nearly all of that portion of North Dakota which lies west of the Missouri and a considerable part of the State lying east of that river is strictly a

pasture country and will never be turned into cultivated farms. The soil is good for farming, but the rainfall is not sufficient. At the same time it would not be possible for the legislature wisely to draw a line on the map and say that west of that line farmers cannot settle and have protection for their growing crops and meadows against the roving herds of the stockmen. There is already a thrifty class of small ranchers established along the streams in the semi-arid belt of the State, who keep small herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and cultivate a few fields in wheat, oats, corn and potatoes. It is evidently for the interest of the State to encourage this class of settlers. They civilize the country by giving it a permanent population. The stockmen would like to keep it in a condition of wildness, so that there might be nothing to interfere with the free range of their herds. As cheap lands become more and more scarce in the older parts of the United States this debatable region, lying between the distinctively humid and the distinctively arid regions, will become more and more attractive to settlers, who will take their chances on rainfall for small acres of tillage and depend mainly for their living on their flocks and herds. It would be very poor policy at this time for the State to say that in such and such unorganized counties the rancher shall have no rights of protection against trespass and that the stockman who owns no land, but ranges his herds freely over the lands belonging to the Government and the railroads, shall be made a feudal lord, with powers of eminent domain. The time may come when some districts of North Dakota will be universally recognized as of no value for farming and can be wisely set apart as open range country, but it has not come yet. There are localities lying within the counties designated by our Bismarck contemporary as "cow country" which can show a crop record comparing very favorably with that of counties lying a hundred miles east of the Missouri.

#### A NEW WESTERN NOVEL.

Harper & Brothers announce, to appear early in February, a novel of Western life by Harry P. Robinson, formerly of St. Paul and now the editor of the *Chicago Railway Age*. The title is "Men born Equal," and a railway strike furnishes a good deal of the dramatic action of the plot. The reader will very naturally suppose that the story grew out of the great strike of last summer but the fact is that Mr. Robinson wrote the novel in the early spring, while detained at Colorado Springs by the illness of his wife. The book is, therefore, an interesting instance of literary prophecy.

Mr. Robinson comes of an English literary family. His father was a historian and his brother is a well-known writer of short stories. He landed in New York in the early eighties and tried to make a living as a space writer on the *Tribune*. He was a member of the party of thirty newspaper men who accompanied the notable expedition which celebrated the opening of the Northern Pacific Railroad in 1883. He took a strong liking to the Northwest and remained in Minneapolis. Next year he followed the gold-seekers through the snows from Thompson's Falls, Montana, to the Coeur d'Alene valleys, dragging his provisions and blankets on a toboggan. His letters from that region of adventure appeared in the *Tribune* and in two or three first-class English journals, and his capital sketches of miners' life were a feature of this magazine in 1885. Returning to Minneapolis he worked upon the *Tribune* of that city as an editorial writer and about a year later he started in St. Paul the *Northwestern Railroad*, which he subsequently consolidated with the old and successful Chicago railway weekly which he now edits. He has many friends throughout the Northwestern States who will give a cordial welcome to his first sustained effort in the field of fiction.



HAVE you noticed the absence of seal-skin sacks on the streets of our cities this winter? What has become of them all? They certainly have not been worn out or thrown away. The fact is the fashion of wraps has changed and wide sleeves have become stylish. Now it costs a good deal of money to buy extra seal-skin enough to widen the old narrow sleeves, so the ladies have packed their sacks away in camphor and bought new ones of cloth of the prevailing cut and shape. They would rather shiver in a big-sleeved cloth cloak than be comfortable in a narrow-sleeved seal-skin.

HERE is an illustration of the chaotic condition of theological opinion in the West. An excellent college in Northfield, Minnesota, well-endowed and largely devoted to educating young men for the ministry of the Congregational Church, expels students for thesin of dancing; but a Presbyterian college in St. Paul recently gave a reception to the parents of its pupils at which, according to the reports in the local papers, the proceedings closed with a dance. In some parts of the country the Congregationalists are reputed to be more liberal than the Presbyterians in their view of such amusements as dancing, theater going and card-playing, but in this instance the usual order is reversed.

SINCE the publication of our article on North Dakota lignite coal we have received a number of letters testifying to the great economy of burning this fuel with the new stoves specially designed for it. A friend in Jamestown writes that a ton of lignite lasted thirty-seven days, burned in his new lignite cookstove, and that a neighbor who bought a stove at the same time that he set his up reports precisely the same result. The lignite costs \$3 50 per ton in Jamestown, so that the cost of fuel for cooking was less than ten cents a day. North Dakotans now realize that they possess the inestimable blessing of an inexhaustible supply of cheap and good fuel within the borders of their own State.

THE late Conrad Gotzian was one of the wealthiest men in St. Paul. When he died about seven years ago the executors of his will found that he had invested nearly half a million dollars in the bonds of Dakota counties and towns. It is a notable fact that his heirs have not lost a dollar by default of interest on any of those investments. While great railroad companies have defaulted by the score, the organizations for self-government formed by the new settlers on our Northwestern prairies have honorably met their obligations to the letter. Some of Mr. Gotzian's friends used to wonder that so sagacious a man should risk his money in those raw communities of poor settlers, but he saw clearer than they did, and his descendants now reap the reward of his foresight.

THE legislature of South Dakota ought to regulate the carrying charges of the railroads on lignite coal so as to enable the people of that State to burn this cheap and excellent fuel. At present the roads levy prohibitory tolls upon it so as to force consumers of fuel to buy the Iowa and Eastern coal on which they get a long haul. For example, it would cost about as much to get a car load of lignite from Oakes, where the North-

ern Pacific meets the Northwestern system, to Aberdeen, a distance of fifty miles, as from the mines at Dickinson, North Dakota, to Oakes, a distance of 286 miles. A good deal of lignite is burned at Oakes but the Aberdeen people cannot afford to use it at all. This is all wrong. The freight from Oakes to all South Dakota points should be in proportion to that from the mines to Oakes.

GRAFTON, in the Red River Valley, now claims to rank third in population among the North Dakota towns, Fargo taking the first place and Grand Forks coming second. To many of the readers of this magazine, Grafton is known from the many squibs and anecdotes copied from the *Record* newspaper of that place in our department of "Western Humor." The writer of these droll and funny things is Ed. H. Pierce, editor of the *Record*, whose home was in Northfield, Minnesota, before he struck out for himself as a journalist. With no other purpose in view than to furnish a little entertainment for the subscribers to his bright weekly, he has advertised the place from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The Grafton people ought to give Mr. Pierce a banquet and present him with a testimonial. He has done their town a great deal of good.

IN the field of purely literary work Mrs. Mary J. Reid, of St. Paul, is gaining much prominence among the magazine writers of the West. She has an illustrated article in the last *Overland Monthly* on Edmund C. Stedman and some of his British contemporaries, in which she shows that in keen analysis and hearty appreciation of the poets of the Victorian era our American critic leads all his English contemporaries. In the *Midland Monthly* for January, Mrs. Reid has a charming article on "Octave Thanet at Home," descriptive of the domestic surroundings of one who is unquestionably the best interpreter in current literature of Western life. Mrs. Reid is the widowed sister of Elbert A. Young, one of the leading wholesale merchants of St. Paul, and presides over his home on Dayton Avenue. Mr. Young sympathizes with her work and is himself a great lover of books, possessing one of the best private libraries in the city.

THE American Railway Union of Spokane recently declared a boycott against the *Spokesman-Review*, the leading newspaper of that city. The members of the Union are not only warned not to buy the paper but are directed not to deal with any merchant who advertises in it. Such acts as these make the public very tired of labor unions and very distrustful of them. Better have a czar at once than come under the control of the intolerant and tyrannical fools who often get possession of these organizations. If a man honestly disagrees with their notions of the rights of labor they want to ruin his business at once. If he has no business to be ruined then they threaten him with bodily harm. When the labor unions are ruled by the common principles of justice, equity and humanity that are the basis of civilization, they will become a great power in this country, but they never will be so long as they resort to boycotts and mob force to carry out their plans.

THE climate of the seacoast region of Washington is unquestionably somewhat moist, but it does not rain 360 days in the year, as some superficial observers assert. A citizen of the pretty town of Hoquiam, which is situated at the head of Gray's Harbor, has gone to the trouble to make careful observation of the clouds, rain and snow for an entire year and he furnishes to the *Washingtonian* of that place the following result for 1894: Days on which rain fell, 115; days of clear sunshine, 131; days of clouds but no rain, 113; days on which snow fell, 6; total, 365. Speak-

ing of Gray's Harbor Country gives me an opportunity to say that if tourists would leave the beaten routes of travel in the State of Washington and take the way-train that runs down into that region they would see a unique and very interesting maritime district, where the towns are built below the level of high tide and are diked in the Holland fashion; where the moist, warm air produces a prodigious growth of forests and underbrush, where waterfowl sport on the bays and rivers all the winter and where large industries in logging, lumbering and fishing develop some picturesque phases of life.

THE fact that four hundred dwelling houses were erected in Spokane during the year 1894 naturally suggests the inquiry whether times are really as bad in that and other Northwestern cities as the inhabitants of those cities believe them to be. The new dwellings have been put up, not by investors for renting purposes, but by people of very modest means for homes for their families. It would appear that the men who are hard pressed for money are those who formerly regarded themselves as well off, and that the great mass of the population, which in all towns consists of mechanics, small tradesmen and employes of one sort and another, are getting on pretty well and are actually able to save a little money to invest in home-building. In fact, the wage-earners, if steadily employed, are in reality better off than they were in the flush times, because the reduction that has been made in their earnings is more than made up by the great reduction in the prices of everything they buy. After taking out their necessary living expenses from their incomes the surplus will do about twice as much in the way of building or of the purchase of building sites as could be done with the surplus they had five or six years ago. Herein lies the explanation of the apparently singular phenomenon, that, while the men who live in fine houses and do business in handsome offices are hard pressed for money to pay their taxes and the interest on their mortgages and are compelled to drop a great deal of property which they have been carrying for years in the belief that its possession made them wealthy, the industrious poor, who inhabit small cottages, are saving a little from their wages and are building homes. National prosperity is going to come from the aggregate of these small savings and small investments and not from the operations of speculators and capitalists.

A MOVEMENT for municipal reform, in the direction of lower taxation and less complex and expensive systems of city government, is spreading over the country and is a natural sequence of the period of business depression from which we are beginning to emerge. This movement will accomplish some good, but it will be of a temporary character. There never will be a thoroughly efficient, economical and business-like administration of city affairs until the basis of suffrage is changed for municipal elections. As long as the men who contribute nothing in the form of taxes to carry on city government have the power to put men in office to levy assessments and to spend the money raised by taxation there will always be extravagance and more or less corruption. I do not believe that we shall ever return to the old system of limiting the franchise to property owners; neither do I believe that we have reached a point in our suffrage legislation beyond which it is impossible to make any progress. Some time in the not far remote future, I am confident, it will be found wise and just, without abridging any right of suffrage now existing, to give a second vote to the men, and the women, too, who furnish the money to carry on the schools, the police and the fire and health departments, to buy parks, build bridges and



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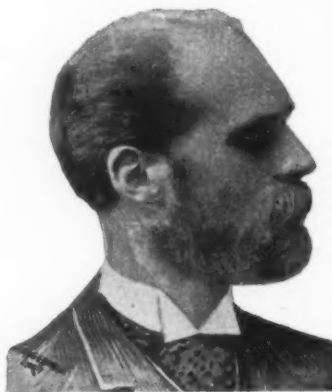
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improve streets and in many other ways to make cities comfortable and safe places to dwell in. There will of course be an outcry against any such legislation from the laboring classes, but I defy any fair-minded laboring man to say that he has a moral right, if he pays nothing for the support of municipal government, to exercise just as much power by his ballot in determining how much money shall be raised by taxation and how it shall be spent as his neighbor who is compelled to put hundreds of dollars every year into the city treasury.

If your next-door neighbor, having a barn abutting on your property, should insist on pitching manure into your yard on the plea that he thereby saves the expense of having it hauled away, you would speedily have him up before a court and he would be fined for committing a common-law nuisance. Yet the owners of factories and heating plants in St. Paul go on year after year deluging neighboring stores and offices with volumes of black, sooty smoke from their chimneys and excuse themselves by saying that it costs a good deal of money to put a smoke-consuming apparatus upon their furnaces. At last, however, a righteous judge has brought one of those people to book and in a suit for damages has given judgment for the plaintiff. The judge was William L. Kelly of the district court of Ramsey County. The case was a test one and the result ought to be the early purification of the atmosphere of the business district of the city. Efficient smoke-consuming devices are in use, but they cost a few hundreds of dollars and owners of heating plants and factories that use cheap Iowa coal will not, as a rule, put them in voluntarily. The science of smoke consumption is simple and interesting. For the perfect consumption of the soft coals there must be a good draft, grate bars with openings amounting to about fifty per cent of the grate surface, means for promoting the perfect admixture of the air and the gases, and distance in which to complete the consumption of gases. Most of our Western bituminous coals give out a long flame and require a flamework of twenty feet in which to complete combustion before the boiler tubes are reached. Experiment shows that the burning gases are chilled so rapidly on entering the tubes that combustion is checked and smoke made; hence the necessity of a long flamework. Ordinary furnaces are deficient in this respect. They

can be made smoke-consuming, however, by putting on an iron fire-box in front so as to give the necessary additional flamework.

A SMALL number of intelligent people in Montana are keeping up a persistent agitation, under the lead of the Boulder Age, in favor of the "initiative and referendum," which in plain English means that all laws passed by the legislature shall be afterwards voted on by the people and adopted or rejected and that a given number of voters may propose a law to the legislature and require its submission to the people. Going into details, the scheme is that the laws passed at each session of the legislature shall be divided into three batches and that one of these batches



CLARENCE H. MARSHALL, DIRECTOR OF THE NORTHWESTERN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, MINNEAPOLIS.

shall be submitted to the people three months after the close of the session and the other two at intervals of six months thereafter. I fail to see how this cumbersome and dilatory process of lawmaking is going to be an improvement on the present method. There are probably passed at each biennial session of the legislature of Montana about two hundred statutes. If the referendum were in force the voters would be required to pass upon over sixty at each election. How many of these voters would ever read the sixty laws or would be able to form any intelligent opinion as to their merits? Would not the great majority of them vote on laws just as they were advised to by a few men to whom they are accustomed to

look for political leadership? In the practical working of the referendum would not tickets be made up by such political leaders with yes or no printed opposite the numbers of the several statutes submitted? Where, then would be the improvement of the good old system of government by representatives of the people, to compensate for the delays and expense of the proposed new method of government by the people *en masse*? The trend of much of the best thinking in the East on governmental questions just now is in the direction of a qualified suffrage, designed to secure government by the fit, rather than in that of bringing the law-making power down to the masses of voters, who are often swayed by demagogues to act against their own best interests. The best way to secure good laws is to send good men to the legislature to make them. Nothing in the present governmental system of Montana or of any other State stands in the way of doing this but the lack of intelligence and public spirit on the part of a large number of the voters. How are those desirable qualities going to be cultivated by printing and distributing a mass of legislation and calling upon the voters to go to the polls and vote yes or no to along list of numbers belonging to statutes which most of them will not take the trouble to read and many of them would know nothing about if read to them?

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## NORTHERN TRUST COMPANY.

Capital, \$500,000.

Acts as Assignee, Receiver, Administrator, Executor, Guardian and Trustee. N. Y. Life Bld'g, Minneapolis, Minn.



# MINNEAPOLIS.

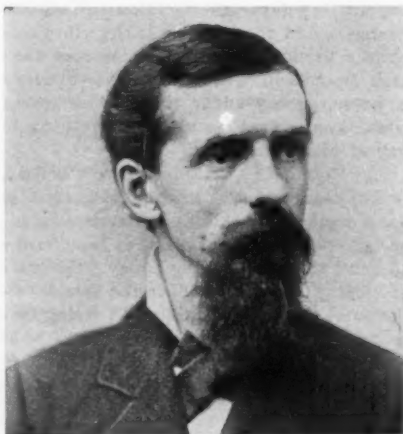
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**THE ACME WHITE ENAMELED BATH TUB,**  
**The Coming Tub!**



**And the Granitic Laundry Tray and Sinks**  
are strictly sanitary, and they are taking the place of the iron tubs and soapstone and slate goods. Guaranteed. Practically indestructible.



**Minneapolis Paving  
and Manufacturing Co.,**  
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## GREW RAPIDLY.

For many years the Northrup, Braslan, Goodwin Co., seed growers and dealers, have been located on Bridge Square; indeed, they have occupied nearly every building on that side of the Square, as the growth of their business demanded more ample accommodations. This concern had fully outgrown the building which they have occupied for several years past, and for some time they had been casting about for a building that would better accommodate their large business. They were reluctant, however, to remove from a location with which they have been so long identified, and one which had proved convenient for them and their customers throughout the Northwest. Within a few weeks after the old market building burned, they secured the corner on which it stood and are now occupying the magnificent building shown in the accompanying illustration. This building has a frontage of 157 feet on First Street North, and eighty feet on Hennepin Avenue. It has been built especially for the seed business, and as it stands is one of the best arranged and most con-



NORTHROP, BRASLAN, GOODWIN CO.'S BUILDING, MINNEAPOLIS

venient warehouses ever erected for that business in any city. The building is erected on the plan known as "mill construction," enabling it to sustain an enormous weight; it is lighted by electricity, heated by steam, and is equipped with the latest and best machinery for recleaning seeds.

An inspection of the business that is carried on there would surprise even those outsiders who have been most familiar with the rapid growth of the business of this firm, and constitutes a striking contrast to the premises, three doors below, occupied by them at the start. At that time their store consisted of one room, twenty-two by sixty feet, and the basement of the same size underneath. This speaks more strongly than almost anything else that could be said of the success this firm has achieved in its enterprise.

## THE PLYMOUTH CORNER.

The Plymouth Clothing House is not a department store, in the usual sense, but a store of allied clothing departments. Concentration means strength, and the business is therefore confined strictly to clothing—for men, women and children, from head to foot, underwear to overwear. A person going under the roof of this great house knows that he can get anything in the way of wearing apparel.

The Plymouth Clothing House started about twelve years ago with a capital of \$50,000. It now has a capital of \$300,000 and a large surplus. The immense plant and business has been built up by a liberal and enterprising policy. Several manufacturing departments have also been developed, the total number of employes varying from 240 to 280, with a weekly pay-roll of \$3,600 to \$4,000. The officers are as follows: H. J. Burton, pres't; H. L. Tucker, vice pres't; C. J. Gutgesell, sec'y.; E. A. Drew, treas.



THE PLYMOUTH CLOTHING HOUSE, MINNEAPOLIS.

**A NEW LAKE.**—A peculiar phenomenon is reported by a rancher five miles south of Sprague, Wash. One day recently he heard a crash, like a clap of thunder, followed by a sharp vibration of the earth. The following day he discovered that the cause of the noise was a large mass of rock 100 feet high, in the Scabland, a mile south of Icehouse Lake, which had slumped into the earth, forming a huge crater nearly half a mile in extent. The basin is slowly filling with water, and the people in that neighborhood are watching it closely. The basin is now nearly half full and has formed a small lake in the barren land.



## Reduced Rate Tickets now on sale to all Winter Resorts.

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**ALBERT LEA  
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**BEST LINE  
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### THROUGH TRAINS TO FLORIDA AND ELSEWHERE.

Passengers from St. Paul or Minneapolis to Jacksonville and Tampa, Fla., New Orleans, La., and other places too numerous to mention, have *only one change of cars* between starting point and destination, and that in a depot where no more trouble or inconvenience is experienced than in passing from car to car, so complete is it in all its appointments and provisions to meet the exacting requirements of the *fin de siècle* tourist. This structure alone costing \$1,650,000, and containing thirty parallel railroad tracks, aside from its unrivaled magnitude, is a triumph of artistic architectural beauty and grandeur, and is unique in the fact that nowhere else in the world can a similar building be seen. A few hours and more can be profitably and pleasantly passed in an examination of the wonderful St. Louis depot.

## HOMES FOR SETTLERS IN NORTHERN MINNESOTA.

Freeman Thorp, the well-known portrait artist of Columbus, Ohio, has recently fallen in love with the woods and lakes of Northern Minnesota and has been investigating the merits of that region for small farming. He writes the following interesting letter to the *Chicago Record*:

"A home of my own in a quiet land of plenty." How many thousands have turned their eyes westward while their hearts beat quicker with that hope? Many have realized in the main this home; many, and perhaps the larger number, have met more or less disappointment, encountering drought, grasshoppers, Indians, white desperadoes, forest fires or the dread cyclone.

A year ago I began a comparative study of the claims put forth for each section of the West as a land of promise for the home-seekers in general and the homesteader in particular, believing as I did, that to become bread-winners direct from the soil instead of wage-earners must be the hope of many of the unemployed for years to come and that where to go for that purpose would be a matter of general interest. As a result of my investigation I concluded that Northern Minnesota offered greater inducements to the home-seekers with small means than any other section of the great West, and in October last I started on a trip of personal inspection.

Brainerd is the principal town on the Northern Pacific main line, west of Duluth, and the most important town in Northern Minnesota, with the exception of Duluth. I will briefly describe Brainerd, because it is the gateway to and the base of supplies for the largest remaining area of Government lands desirable for homesteading in an agricultural timbered region.

Brainerd is a growing town of about eight thousand population, the county seat of Crow Wing County. It has good banks and business houses, neat and tasty homes, large sawmills, brick yards and other manufacturing industries. The Northern Pacific Railroad has its machine shops located there. It maintains also a handsome hospital where its sick and injured employees are cared for. The city is only one hundred miles from lake navigation at Duluth, and building and all other supplies are on an average about the same price as at Chicago or any of the Eastern cities.

The Brainerd & Northern Minnesota Railroad, surveyed in June last and already completed to Leech Lake, fifty miles north, takes one from this town into the very heart of the most desirable homestead region left from Uncle Sam's generous domain.

Twenty-two hours from Chicago by rail and you stand upon Government land as desirable to live upon, taken all in all, as that of Southern Michigan, Northern Ohio or the best portions of the New England States. One hundred and sixty acres can be had by any man for the asking and for the payment of about \$20 entrance fees. Until recently this great Leech Lake region has been looked upon as an inaccessible wilderness, but now the Fosston branch of the Great Northern Railway enters it from the west; the extended Park Rapids branch of the same system is well up toward Leech Lake from the southwest; the Duluth & Manitoba line comes into it from the southeast and the Brainerd & Northern Minnesota has just built cuts through the best and most accessible part of it. This portion begins about seventeen miles north of Brainerd in the geographical center of the State, and extends north to the magnificent sheet of water named Leech Lake, east to the Mississippi River and west to the west line of Cass County. This region forms a part of the great central water-shed of North America. From it the waters drain east-

ward through Lake Superior and the great chain of lakes into the Gulf of St. Lawrence; south into the Mississippi River and the Gulf of Mexico; west and north through the Red River of the North and Lake Winnipeg into Hudson Bay. It is the highest level surface on the North American Continent. The air is pleasantly impregnated with the odor of pines and is absolutely free from malaria. The soil is deep and varies from sandy loam to clay loam. The whole region is thickly studded with the most beautiful lakes and interspersed with small natural meadows of low prairie, affording an abundance of excellent hay. The pine stump lands afford good grazing.

This country is especially adapted to dairying, poultry raising and sheep raising. Nearness to market considered, it is the best potato country, except, perhaps, Michigan and parts of Wisconsin. All the small fruits, hardy grapes, improved native varieties of plums and vegetables of all kinds yield abundantly. Apples—except crab-apples—peaches and pears require too much protection to be profitable. The climate is very cold in January and February, and blustering in March; but with its abundance of ozone and magnificent autumn is in all more comfortable than the marrow-chilling moisture-laden snowstorms,

than the railroad fare of himself and family, and the freight on his goods to his destination. If he has a friend already in that locality who knows just where to place him on a desirable piece of Government land, he could undertake it with \$50 less, as he will otherwise have to pay an experienced and reliable "cruiser," as they are called—\$25 to properly locate him. He will be at other expense, also, while securing his homestead.

But all this means hardship and privation that will try his pluck and that of his family, for it means going into the woods with a saw and ax and a man hired for a few dollars to help you for a few days in putting up a log "shack," as it is called, and putting your household goods and your family into it for a few years. You will be sustained and cheered by the thought that it is your own home with the surrounding 160 acres and that you have no more rent to pay and no taxes, either, for five years. It means to live on the plainest food, to purchase flour, a little bacon and a very few groceries and depend mainly on your rod and gun for meat for your table, on your garden for vegetables and on the surrounding bushes for your fruit. It means that you must work out in lumber camps or for more fortunate neighbors for the money to buy clothing,



IN NORTHERN MINNESOTA.—GEO. A. BARCLAY'S ORIGINAL LOG HOUSE—THIRTY MILES NORTH OF BRAINERD.

rains and sleet, slush and mud of the Eastern winters. The lakes with their clean, beautiful shores are so thickly dotted over the surface that you cannot go five miles in a straight line anywhere without running into one of them, and they are so filled with fish of large size and the best quality that the settler can supply his table for every meal in the year if he likes; this with small expenditure of time and no money except for hook and line. Game is also plentiful. Timber for fuel and for building is in plenty, and the very best of water is abundant and easily procured on every quarter-section.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, it costs something to remove to that country and to get started, and I would not advise any man with a family in the Central or Eastern States to emigrate to that or any other section of the West unless he owns or can borrow on his personal credit from some friend, a few hundred dollars of capital. An able-bodied, hard-working, sober man, who understands farm work and working in timber, and is willing to undergo the genuine hardships of pioneer life for a year or two, can safely undertake it if he can raise \$100 more than his railroad fare. A man with like qualifications with a family may undertake it if he can raise \$200 more

which must be of the plainest. It means going in debt for a team or exchanging work with a neighbor who has one.

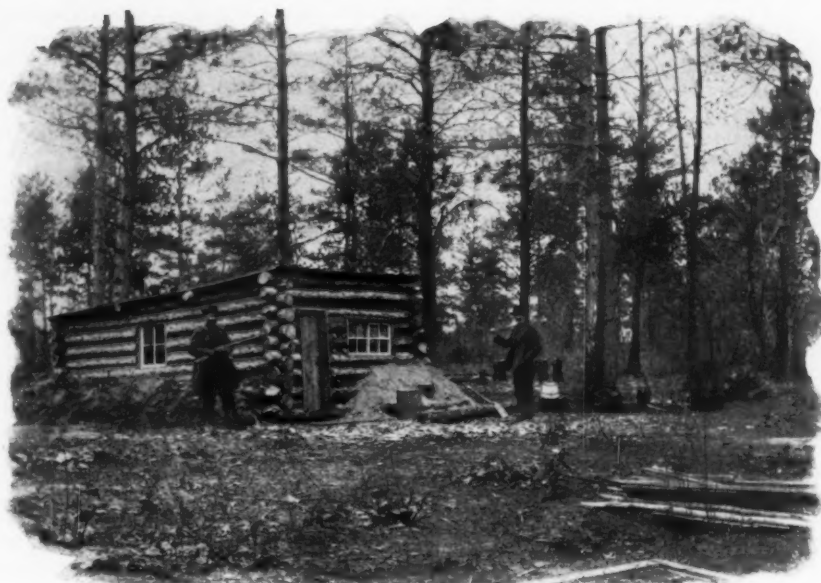
A very good example of the temporary log shack of the homesteader with the appearance of the open pine groves is shown. It is the homestead of George Riley, who made his entry at the land office in June last. His location is on the line of the railroad, fifteen miles north of Brainerd, on the shore of Cullen Lake. Just across this lake, viewed from Mr. Riley's home, is another small piece of Government land open to homestead entry. It has on it 50,000 feet of the largest and best Norway pine I could find anywhere. A man who can remove himself and family to that country, together with comfortable household goods, farm implements, domestic animals, a good team and wagon and have \$500 left when he arrives, can homestead a piece of Government land, buy on long time enough railroad land, which is very cheap, to give him proper lake frontage and satisfactory boundaries and live in comparative comfort and prosperity from the first.

As an example of prosperous pioneer life in this region, George A. Barclay settled there in 1873, at Pine River, thirty miles north of Brainerd.



erd, and in the heart of that region. He entered 640 acres of Government land under the old and now repealed cash-entry system, at \$1.25 an acre. He had \$50 left and all his other worldly goods he carried in a pack on his back. He hired a Chippewa Indian to help him build a log house, the first in that region. It is still standing in good condition. The Brainerd & Northern Minnesota track runs between his old home and the log barn on the left. Mr. Barclay has now ninety acres under successful cultivation; he has a good store, doing a business, as shown by his books, of \$3,000 a month, and he has just completed a new hotel and store building. His property is now worth \$18,000 or \$20,000.

I will close this letter with a brief summary of the reasons why I believe this region of country the most desirable for the homestead settler. Being on well-timbered land he escapes the blizzards incident to the prairie country, and the timber affords him abundant fuel, building material and fencing; though cold in winter, the dry air mitigates the temperature and renders it very endurable among the pines; it is north of the northernmost edge of the cyclone belt and he is free from that horrible dread and danger to himself and family; it is nearer home and nearer to market than any other unoccupied portion of the West; the abundance of fish, game, rice and berries, right at his door, affords an important part of his food supply; the natural meadows afford him excellent hay and the native grasses that spring up wherever the timber has been cut afford good grazing; while the ready market for and the high price of the products of the dairy and the poultry yard insure him profitable occupation without cultivating large areas that require expensive harvesting outfits. The variety of surface affords on every quarter-section sufficient ground that is low enough to be kept



IN NORTHERN MINNESOTA.—GEO. RILEY'S HOMESTEAD SHACK, FIFTEEN MILES NORTH OF BRAINERD.

moist in the driest seasons by the seepage from the lakes through a very porous soil, and droughts that affect injuriously even the uplands, are much less frequent in this lake and timber country than on the prairies. The universally peaceful, orderly, frugal and industrious character of the population of Minnesota and its richly endowed and thoroughly utilized educational facilities insure to every householder in the State the safe and quiet of his home with

none to molest or make afraid any more than in the older and more thickly settled communities of the East. Add to all this the universally healthful and invigorating climate that makes vigorous exercise a pleasure, and gives a hearty relish to every meal, and you have the main advantageous characteristics of this region. I have ridden and tramped and rowed over it for several weeks to see exactly what it is, and it is just as I have described.

## NORTHERN MINNESOTA FARM LANDS.

The attention of home-seekers is called to the excellent agricultural lands in Northern Minnesota offered at low prices to settlers. These lands are near towns and railroads. Some of these lands are lightly timbered with hardwood; others are open prairie; others are part prairie and part timbered. Soil and climate are well adapted for general farming, stock-raising and dairying. The country is well-watered and attractive and a peculiar feature is the large number of small lakes abounding in fish.

### J. M. ELDER, Brainerd, Minn.,

SELLS

N. P. R. R. Lands and St. Paul & Duluth R. R. Lands at \$2.50 to \$5 per acre.

HAS 20,000 ACRES OF IMPROVED FARMS from \$3 to \$5 per acre.

### DO YOU WANT A FARM,

Improved or Unimproved?

Write me. I have sixty improved farms, \$4 to \$20 per acre, in sizes to suit you. Thousands of acres of wild lands, \$1.25 to \$6 per acre, on your own time. I can use your money, on improved farms, at 8 per cent, and give you good security.

H. L. GAYLORD, Fertile, Polk Co., Minn.

### 100,000 ACRES N. P. R. R. LANDS,

\$1.75 to \$7 per acre;

50,000 ACRES IMPROVED FARMS,

\$8 TO \$20 PER ACRE.

Gilt-edge 8 per cent Minnesota farm mortgages FOR SALE. ISAIAH H. BRADFORD, Banking & Real Estate, HUBBARD, MINN.

### RAILROAD LANDS.

20,000 acres. Convenient to market towns, in well-settled neighborhood, on 6 years' time at 6 per cent.

Large list of improved farms. Send for maps and price lists. CHARLES J. WRIGHT, Fergus Falls, Minn.

### IMPROVED FARMS AND WILD LANDS

in Polk and Beltrami Counties, \$5 to \$15 per acre.

Nearest point to the Red Lake Reservation, to open soon. Have you money to loan on first-class improved farms? Principal and interest guaranteed.

BENNETT & STREET, Attorneys at Law, FOSTON, POLK CO., MINN.

### The Northern Pacific Railroad Co.

Offers for sale a large amount of good land in Northern Minnesota adapted for general farming. Some of it is prairie, some is part prairie and part hardwood land, and some is timbered with pine and hardwood. Low prices and easy terms of payment. For maps and information address

W. H. PHIPPS, Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

### FOR SALE, 300,000 ACRES

CHOICE NORTHERN PACIFIC LANDS IN AITKIN AND CROW WING COUNTIES.

Also 250,000 acres of other lands at from \$2 to \$5 per acre. If you want a farm, improved or unimproved, write me.

F. P. MCQUILLIN, AITKIN, MINN.

### Corn, Pork, Cattle, Poultry, Potatoes.

Improved Farms and Wild Lands in Pope County, Central Minnesota;

REASONABLE PRICES.

Improved farms at \$8 to \$15 per acre, on long time. Write for list.

W. J. CARSON, GLENWOOD, MINN.

### 250,000 ACRES WILD LANDS

at \$5 to \$12 per acre. Improved Farms.

Lands very rich and convenient to railroad in Western Morrison County.

Agent for St. Paul & Northern Pacific Ry. Lands. Local Ag't for N. P. R. R. Co. Write for information.

W. J. SULLIVAN, SWANVILLE, MORRISON CO., MINN.

### THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE

Gives reliable information every month about

NORTHERN MINNESOTA—

its resources, climate, and the inducements offered to settlers. If you are interested there or in any part of the Northwest, send for a sample copy.

### WILD LANDS AND IMPROVED FARMS

IN NORTHEASTERN POLK CO., ON RED LAKE RIVER,

\$5 to \$10 per acre.

Red Lake Reservation to open soon. Locators and Engineers. Plats and Maps. Do you want to loan money—I have prime security in Minnesota improved farms.

J. W. SWANSTROM, Thief River Falls, Minn.

### REAL ESTATE, LOANS AND INSURANCE.

FOR SALE OR RENT

FIFTY THOUSAND ACRES

Choice Polk Co. farm lands, improved and unimproved. Also best business and residence

property in city of Crookston.

References: First National Bank.

E. M. WALSH, - - CROOKSTON, MINN.

### 250,000 ACRES WILD LANDS.

TIMBER, PRAIRIE AND NATURAL MEADOWS.

\$2.50 to \$12 per acre, in TODD COUNTY.

one of the richest in the famous Park Region. Big list improved farms; cheap, long time. Have you money to loan on improved farms at 7 per cent net to you?

Write us.

VAN DYKE & VAN DYKE,

Long Prairie, Todd County, Minn.

### HOMESTEAD LANDS.

20,000 acres still open for settlers in Wadena Co.

100,000 acres railroad land at \$2 to \$4 per acre.

One-sixth cash; balance 5 years' time at 7 per cent.

Brush, timber and meadow lands. Improved farms.

Address,

A. MURRAY, Wadena, Minn.

### ST. PAUL & NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

CENTRAL MINNESOTA LANDS

IN MORRISON AND CROW WING COUNTIES.

\$2.50 to \$6 per acre; 15 per cent down, balance in

seven annual installments with interest at

7 per cent per annum.

A. G. POSTLETHWAITE, Land Commissioner,

St. Paul, Minn.

## FARMING IN NORTH DAKOTA.

A. T. Cole writes to the *Northwestern Agriculturist* from Ellendale:

The matter of farming in North Dakota has attracted much attention in the past, but will receive much more practical attention in the near future. The history of most of the North Dakota farming up to the present time is the history of "boom farming." It is true that a considerable degree of success has attended this style of farming in the past, but the day for practical farming has arrived and is being duly inaugurated by our people. The bonanza method will soon be a thing of the past. It is falling into a state of "innocuous desuetude."

We have lived and learned and we have to pay for our learning. North Dakota will no longer be spoken of as the great wheat-growing State, for the reason that it is to be the home of the diversified farmer, the stock owner and the flock master. The soil is naturally productive and of a quick nature. When nourished by rains and smiled upon by the sun, together with careful tending by the husbandman, it yields bountifully.

The vegetable crop, when properly attended to, grows in great abundance and is of splendid quality; the grasses are nutritious and succulent and stock does well nearly all the year round from feeding on the prairies. The great pest, at the present time, is the Russian thistle, but the Yankee will beat the thistle and it will in a short time become a thing of the past. By united effort this evil can easily be exterminated, though at some cost.

North Dakota will soon be the home of the thrifty, well-to-do farmer. Beautiful homes will be made and the lowing of the herd and the bleating of the kine will be the familiar music of the farm home.

We will have no great manufacturing centers. While there will be much flour and feed ground, twine made from flax, oil pressed from flaxseed, starch made from potatoes, even woolen clothing

made from the fleeces of our flocks, and many other industries inaugurated and carried on, yet the greater part of the population will be rural; the healthy, rosy-cheeked boys and girls will be born, raised, educated, made happy on the farm.

Has farming in North Dakota a future? Yes!—a future and a successful future. We are now at low ebb. When we came here we sowed the wind; we are now reaping the whirlwind of our folly. But we have learned; the "croaker" will soon lose his occupation. The near future will see a happy, prosperous and contented people within our borders. We are now getting on to the terra firma of sound and safe farming ideas.

## A NORTH DAKOTA WOOLEN MILL.

A representative of the Bismarck *Settler* recently made a visit to Grand Forks' woolen mill, the only one of the kind in the State. He says: "The mill is running day and night and employs about thirty-five hands, but is unable to supply the retail demand for its goods—to say nothing of wholesaling. The cloths made at this mill are all-wool, the North Dakota crop only being used, and will compare favorably with the goods of any manufactory in the country. Our farmers who raise sheep will be interested in the custom-work plan, by which they can send their own wool and get the cloth made without any cash outlay except the freight. We do not hesitate to recommend the gentlemen who are in charge. They deserve the support and patronage of the people of the State."

## WHY HE DID IT.

Chicagoans are interested in the donation of D. K. Pearson of \$50,000 to the trustees of Fargo College on the condition that an endowment fund of \$200,000 be raised. Pearson was asked why he selected an institution in Dakota for his gift. He said: "I consider the Red River Valley, up in North Dakota, one of the most promising

regions of the country. Up through the Dakotas and Minnesota there is an army of honest, ambitious young men and women from farms who cannot afford to go to any of the large educational institutions. This college is so cheap that it is just the thing for them, and for that reason I helped it along. The best citizens in the country come from the farms and I am glad to be able to help them to get the education."

## WE CAN RAISE 'EM.

There is a belief propagated by New England agricultural journals that North Dakota is unable to raise onions. This statement obtained currency from a mis-reading of an experiment made at the State Experimental Station in the transplanting of onions. North Dakota can raise the biggest, sweetest, handsomest and rankest onions of any State in the Union. In the matter of onions we are distinctly "in it;" and speaking of onions it is unnecessary to say they are prime, healthy, social, dietary fruit—*Jamestown Alert*.

## ROOM FOR MANUFACTURERS.

There is room for manufacturing plants in North Dakota, and we have buyers for all the goods they make. We have our own coal, our own bread, our own meat; we can raise our own wool and make our own clothes. We should not bow a suppliant knee to Eastern trusts and corporations. Let's develop a few of our own.—*Nelson Co. Herald*.

## THE HEAVIEST TAX-PAYING COUNTIES.

Grand Forks County pays more taxes to the State than any other county, an aggregate of over \$20,000. Cass County comes next with \$19,595. The permanent school fund has been invested in city, township and school securities at six per cent. The \$40,000 funds for the new capitol extension were placed at par, which shows that the credit of the State is good.

## NORTH DAKOTA FARM LANDS.

North Dakota offers excellent opportunities for new settlers to engage in diversified farming. Climate and soil are well adapted for wheat, corn, oats, rye, barley, flax, potatoes, millet and hay. Land is very cheap. It is a peculiarly healthy country. The population of the State is only about 200,000, and at least a million people can be supported in comfort on the soil. The firms advertised below are recommended by this magazine as responsible. They solicit correspondence from intending settlers.

**Lands** in the Red River Valley and State of N. D. Low prices. Easy terms. Very desirable AND tracts on crop payment plan.  
**Loans** negotiated upon first-class security, first mortgage lien, title perfect, at good rates of interest. Red River Valley loans a specialty.  
J. B. FOLSOM, Box 1731, Fargo, N. Dak.

**ALBERT M. POWELL**, Real Estate, Immigration Agent and Land Attorney. Choice Farms for sale or rent. DEVILS LAKE, N. Dak.

**J. L. RICHMOND & SON**, Established 1884, MINNEAPOLIS, N. DAK. Farm Lands and Loans. Write us.

30,000 acres choice wild lands and improved farms in Steele Co. Cash or crop payment plan. Cor. Invited. M. B. CASSELL & CO, Sherbrooke, N. D.

**FOR SALE**—Coal Mines, Stock Ranches, and Farms, both improved and unimproved. Address C. B. LITTLE, Pres. Capital Nat. Bank, Bismarck, N. Dak.  
**CAPITAL NATIONAL BANK** buys and sells County Warrants, State, County and School Bonds. Collections made. Correspondence solicited.

**ADOLPHE BESSIE**, County Justice of the Peace. DANIEL BESSIE. Established, 1884.  
**ADOLPHE BESSIE & SON**, Real Estate, Loans and Investment Brokers. Improved and unimproved farms in the Red River Valley a specialty.  
WAHPETON, N. DAK.

**I HAVE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY THOUSAND ACRES OF LAND**, improved and unimproved, for sale or rent on most favorable terms as to price and time of payment, situated in Central North Dakota. Address or call on B. S. RUSSELL, Jamestown, N. Dak.

**TWO HUNDRED IMPROVED FARMS FOR SALE OR RENT** in Wells and Eddy Counties, on easy cash terms or on crop payment plan. Also unimproved Farm Lands very cheap. Write for prices and terms to F. E. OWEN, State Bank, New Rockford, N. Dak. Collections for non-residents attended to promptly.

**HENRY U. THOMAS**, County Judge, MINNEAPOLIS, N. DAK. For rent or sale, over fifty improved Farms in Benson County.

**BARNES COUNTY. REAL ESTATE, LOANS AND COLLECTIONS.**  
I have on my books a large list of the finest farms in the State; also 300,000 acres unimproved Barnes Co. land. Correspondence solicited.  
JOS. J. BARCLAY, Valley City, N. Dak.

**ADAMS & FREES**, LISBON, N. DAK. IMPROVED FARM LANDS  
In Ransom and Sargent Counties.  
We sell on crop payment plan if desired. All correspondence will be replied to.

**NOW IS YOUR CHANCE TO GET GOOD CHEAP LANDS.**  
If you want a Farm, improved or unimproved, large or small, I can suit you. My terms and prices are within the reach of all. For full information write me. THOS. J. BAIRD, Lakota, Nelson Co., N. Dak.

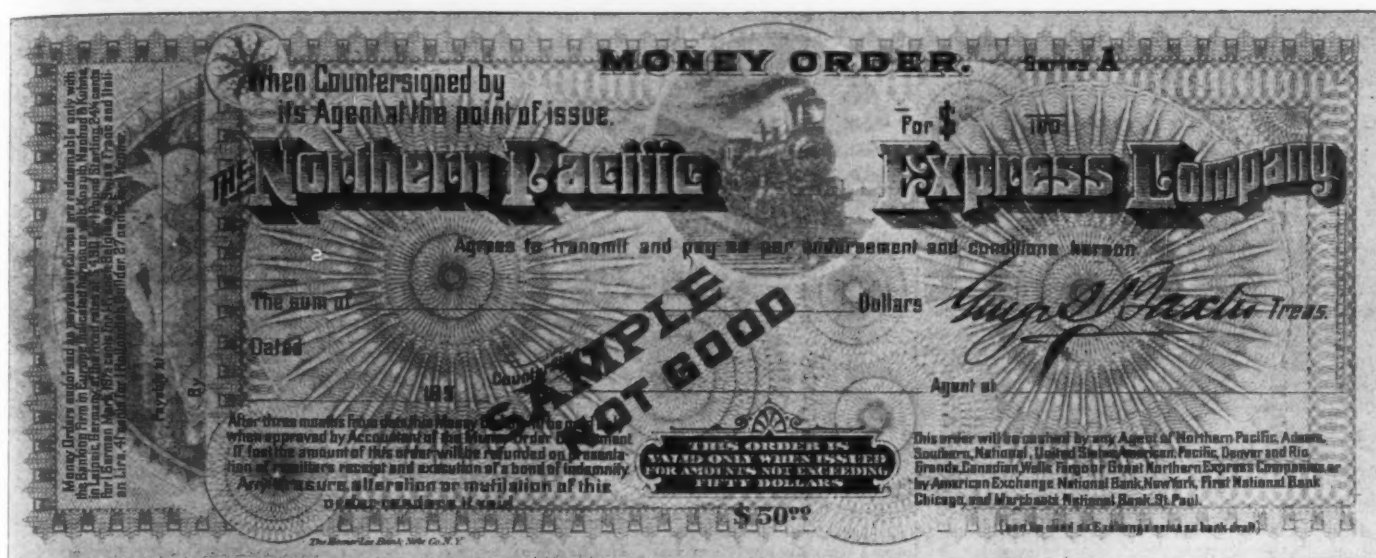
**BEISEKER, DAVIDSON & CO.**, Immigration Agents, Carrington, N. Dak. T. L. BEISEKER, Pres. Wells County Bank, Sykeston, N. D. C. H. DAVIDSON, JR., Pres. Carrington State Bank, Ag'ts in N. Dak. of the Sykes Estate of England. 100,000 acres of Farm Lands for sale in Wells, Foster and adjoining counties, North Dakota.

**FOR prices on choice Farm and Grazing Lands**, in the great Pomona Valley, LaMoure Co., address **EDGELEY LAND INV. CO.**, Edgeley, N. D.

**IMPROVED AND UNIMPROVED FARM LANDS FOR SALE ON CROP PAYMENT PLAN.**  
Also N. P. R. R. Co.'s cheap Wild Lands, a very choice and cheap list.  
Call on me before purchasing.  
WM. GLASS, Cooperstown, N. Dak.

**WELLS & DICKEY COMPANY**, Established 1884. Offer for sale and to rent IMPROVED FARMS in every county in the James River Valley. ON CROP PAYMENT PLAN.  
Write for full list of lands, with prices.  
JAMESTOWN, N. DAK.





FAC-SIMILE OF MONEY ORDER FORM IN USE BY NORTHERN PACIFIC EXPRESS CO.

**Bill Nye's Opinion of a Postoffice Money Order.**

Here is Bill Nye's opinion of a postoffice money order, and the red tape it requires to cash it:

"I would like to see a good postoffice where a man can go and present a money order without being indicted by a grand jury before he can get away," says he. "I believe, generally, that a man who leads a good Christian life ought not to be jumped on and trod to the earth just because he has presented a money order for payment. We are all liable to make mistakes. I presented a money order once, thinking that the office was as eager to pay an order as it was to sell me one; but I was young then,—had seen very little of the world,—anybody could fool me with a kind word then; now I have my remittances sent me by freight, inside a joint of gaspipe, and do not have to wait so long."

Since Mr. Nye acquired the above experience express money orders have been introduced, and the rapidity with which they have come into general use is remarkable.

The convenience of the money order system of express companies is perhaps best illustrated in the facsimile of form in use by the Northern Pacific Express Co., shown on this page. In this form not only can the amount of the order be collected at any express office in the United States, but at certain fixed places named in the orders, viz: The American Exchange National Bank of New York, the First National Bank of Chicago and the Merchants National Bank of St. Paul. This definiteness of payment at three of the principal cities of this country enables the person entitled to the money to obtain it without difficulty at any point, whether near or remote from an express office. In fact, to say that the express company becomes your

banker and enables you thus to issue checks in the same form as those in use by banks, is not an exaggeration, but an every-day experience; and if this is not overlooked when taxes, bills, dues, etc., are to be paid, or money remitted for any purpose in any direction, the advantage of an express money order over a bank check or draft becomes apparent.

The European feature of the business is a most important one. Provision is made for the cashing of orders throughout Europe at fixed rates printed on the orders. A little reflection will lead the experienced foreign traveler to appreciate the advantage of these forms over the ordinary letters of credit and other means of rendering money available in foreign countries.

Money orders are sold and paid at all offices of the Northern Pacific Express Co., during business hours, from one cent to fifty dollars, and there is no limit to the number of orders sold to any person; moreover, the difference between business hours of an express office and those of a bank or postoffice is worthy of note. Purchasers are not required to fill out blank applications, the methods being so simple that a child can buy an order. This is the only system of sending money through the mails that gives a receipt which can be kept by the purchaser. In case orders are lost, delayed, stolen or destroyed, this receipt insures against loss. The amount of the order will be refunded to remitter or payee at any time, without delay, inconvenience or additional expense, on execution of a bond of indemnity. Orders are negotiable by indorsement and can be used as exchange, payable at over 15,000 places in the United States, Canada and Europe. What other way of remitting money gives such feature of exchange with such absolute security,

simplicity, economy and convenience? Orders are often deposited and handled through banks the same as checks and drafts, being redeemed through bank clearing houses in all the principal cities of the world.

The express companies of North America cover the country as completely as the postal service, and the chief comparative advantages of express money orders lie in their interchangeability. They are cashed on presentation at all offices of the American, Adams, United States, National, Southern, Wells-Fargo, Pacific, Great Northern, Canadian and other express companies.

**RATES**—For orders payable in United States, Canada and Europe:

Not over \$5.....	5 cts.	Not over \$50.....	18 cts.
Not over 10.....	8 cts.	Not over 60.....	20 cts.
Not over 20.....	10 cts.	Not over 75.....	25 cts.
Not over 30.....	12 cts.	Not over 100.....	30 cts.
Not over 40.....	15 cts.		

**Consumption Cured.**

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 320 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

**FIRST NATIONAL BANK, HELENA, MONTANA.**

Paid up Capital, \$500,000. Surplus and Profits, \$500,000.  
Designated Depository of the United States.

Interest allowed on time deposits. General banking business transacted. Safety deposit boxes for rent.

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J. C. CURTIN, Vice President.

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**Yakima Valley Lands.****FRUIT, HOP, FARM and GARDEN LANDS.**

{ In tracts of ten acres and upwards, improved and }  
{ unimproved; also desirable city property for sale. }

The subscriber has had over eight years' practical experience in the Valley.

NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.

References: President American Security & Trust Co., Washington, D. C.; First National Bank, North Yakima, Wash.

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OF  
NORTH YAKIMA, WASHINGTON.

J. R. LEWIS, President.

CHAS. CARPENTER, Vice President.

W. L. STEINWEG, Cashier.

HENRY TEAL, Asst. Cashier

Capital and Surplus, - - - \$130,000.

Write for information relative to  
YAKIMA COUNTY.

**KENNEWICK IRRIGATED LANDS**

In the famous Columbia River and Kennewick valleys, in all sized tracts—5 to 100 acres, at very reasonable prices and on easy terms.

This is the greatest peach, fruit and hop region in the world. Write for information to

**C. J. BEACH & SON, Kennewick, Wash.,**

Also owners of the original townsite of Kennewick. Business and residence lots on easy payments.



WEYERHAUSER'S logging railroad, which started at White Birch in this county and has been extended north to a point near the south shore of Lake Superior, will be continued to Allouez Bay in this city, says the *Superior Inland Ocean*. This will make the road thirty-two miles in length and confirms recent reports that Weyerhauser will saw a portion of his vast amount of pine in Douglas County on Allouez Bay.

CAPT. McDOUGALL'S trip East was an eminent success as it resulted in the barge company getting the contract for building the two oil vessels for the Standard Oil Company. The vessels will be like the prevailing type of carrier, and the barge company intends to demonstrate that it can build any kind of vessel desired. The boats will be 170 feet long, thirty-three feet beam and seventeen feet deep. They will each be divided into eight compartments or tanks and will carry 40,000 gallons of oil. Work will be started upon them at once and the present force of 130 men will be more than doubled.—*Superior Inland Ocean*.

#### Minnesota.

PARTIES interested in working the lignite mines at Redwood Falls expect to transfer to a company to be organized by St. Paul and Minneapolis parties.

THE St. Paul Roofing and Cornice Works has been requested to furnish designs and estimates for remodeling the largest building in London, England.

THE enrollment at the Minnesota State University was 1,975 before the holidays, and the total for the year is expected to reach 2,100. This is a large increase over former years.

THE new bridge across the Mississippi being built by the South St. Paul Belt Railway Company is nearing completion. The iron work is being put on and the grade for the truck from the bridge to the stockyards is being finished, and by April 1 the Milwaukee and Burlington roads will be directly connected with the stockyards by the belt railroad. It is expected this will largely increase the receipts of livestock at South St. Paul this year.

HARDWOOD manufacturers are turning their attention towards Aitkin, Grand Rapids, Brainerd and other points in Northern Minnesota, and all of these towns are storing themselves to secure valuable wood-working industries for their respective places. The boards of trade have taken the matter up and no little rivalry is being caused. The northern section of the State abounds in rich hardwood timber and there is no doubt but that in the near future many industries consuming hardwoods will be found there.—*Minneapolis Lumberman*.

THE Red River Valley Drainage Commission has used only half of the amount appropriated for its use in the two years, that amount being \$125,000 in all. The Sand Hill canal, in Polk County, six miles long; the Tamarack canal, in Marshall County, seven miles long, and the Mustinka canal, in Traverse County, six miles long, have been completed. These canals are twenty feet wide at the bottom and shape to a width of thirty-five feet at the top. They are from four to ten feet deep. An encouraging feature of the work is that residents of the different counties are taking it up wherever the State leaves it off.

THE year 1894 at South St. Paul was satisfactory to the manufacturing enterprises located there, but more especially so to the live stock interests. Receipts of live stock at the Union stockyards show a decided increase in the number of animals sold to local houses, the increase in hogs alone amounting to over 132,000 head over 1893, which means that the two packing houses paid to Northwestern farmers \$1,500,000 more money for hogs than the year before. The total number received was 326,663; cattle, 74,909; sheep, 95,142. One concern killed 210,000 hogs, 6,000 cattle, and 18,000 sheep, and the sales for the year amounted to \$3,000,000. The distillery did a business of \$2,917,000, and is now turning out 10,000 gallons of spirits a day.

#### North Dakota.

A MATTER of considerable interest to the people of North Dakota is the work which has been done during the past two years by the Red River Valley Drainage

Commission of Minnesota which is draining the swamps of that State into the Red River by means of canals.—*Fargo Forum*.

MINTO, the town recently fireswept, has decided that no more frame buildings shall be erected on the principal business street.

MAYOR HANSON of Mayville is corresponding with John Klefer, of Cambridge, N. Y., who is looking for a woolen mill site, to have it established there. It would cost \$30,000.

A CHURCH'S FERRY farmer recently sold thirty-five hogs for as much as 1,000 bushels of wheat were worth. The hogs were fattened on 500 bushels of off-grade wheat. Food for reflection as well as for hogs.—*Nelson Co. Herald*.

THE State Land Commissioner has filed in the local land office a list of selections in the Bismarck district, for the several State institutions, existing or merely created by law and not established. The list aggregates 64,244 acres, and is the first which has been filed in the Bismarck district.

It is a significant fact that some of the best beef and mutton that goes to the Chicago and St. Paul markets is from the Dakotas. It is a mistake to call these two great States the "great wheat States." They will, in a short time, furnish more beef, pork and mutton in value per year than wheat, and then not count the value of the wool and hides.—*Ellendale Leader*.

WORK on the creamery building at Wahpeton has been completed, all the machinery placed in position, and when put in motion worked finely. The cost of manufacturing butter at this station is estimated at 1½ cents per pound. More will be paid for the cream than the farmer would receive for the same if he made it into butter. The association is incorporated in the sum of \$15,000—600 shares at \$25 each.

THE *Fargo Argus* has received from W. G. Dance an interesting article from the pen of J. C. Swan in relation to flax and hemp culture. Mr. Dance states that he and others are interested in an effort to establish a tow mill at Fargo, and expresses the belief that they will succeed. It has been demonstrated that the soil of nearly all of the Middle and Western States is peculiarly applied to flax and hemp culture, both for the fibre and the seed.

THE Grand Forks *Herald* says that W. J. Etherington of Sanger, Oliver County, who is one of the United States jurors, has a band of 128 steers, besides horses, sheep and hogs. In an interview recently Mr. Etherington made the surprising statement that it costs him only one-half cent a pound to raise pork, and consequently makes a nice profit. The hogs get their entire living, except for the last month before butchering, by rooting artichoke roots along the river banks.

#### South Dakota.

THE Yankton Reservation in South Dakota is expected to be open for settlement in March or April. It contains over 200,000 acres, of which about 125,000 will be thrown open for settlement. It is mainly desirable land, but can only be taken under the homestead act.

THE *Deadwood Times*, in speaking of the mining resume for 1894, says: "The Black Hills have made rapid strides to the front rank as a producer of the precious metals. We have no statistics of the gross output nor is it possible to obtain them. The great majority of the producing mines are owned by individuals or close corporations who never give publicity to their affairs. It is safe to say that the Black Hills during the past twelve months have produced between five and six million dollars in gold alone. Dividends have been regular and promptly paid by the larger corporations, the Homestake company alone distributing \$300,000 in this manner to its stockholders."

#### Montana.

MONTANA last year made great progress in the diversification of her farming interests, and she succeeded so well that her cities were supplied with hogs from her own borders, her exports of potatoes were 3,000 tons, and in the growing of fruits and berries there has been a most excellent start.

BRIGHTER and brighter becomes the outlook for Missouri Valley and Townsend, says the *Messenger*. New enterprises spring into existence and those who began some time ago are taking up their work where it was left, and continue to improve their properties. Miners, ranchers and stockmen all argue that it has been years since they have done as well as in 1894.

SAYS the *Gazette*: The scarcity of dwelling houses in Billings is becoming greater every day, and it is almost impossible for a stranger coming here to get a house for his family. Rents are high here, and it would seem that some local capitalist would invest a

few thousand dollars in comfortable cottages. It is said an investment of this character would pay fifteen or twenty per cent interest on the money.

LUMP GULCH, Marysville, Basin and Belt areas lively mining communities as can be found in the United States today and they are only four out of a score that we shall see at the high tide of prosperity with the opening of spring.—*Helena Independent*.

THE *Husbandman* says that the establishment of a big brewery plant at Bozeman means a great deal to the farmers of the Gallatin Valley. There is no better barley-growing region in the State, and with an immense brewery plant so close at hand barley will probably become the leading product of that section.

THE erection of the Parrott Smelting Works on the Jefferson River, a few miles east of Whitehall, will create quite a town of the new metropolis, which is to be called Gaylord. This will be a God-send to the farmers of the Jefferson Valley and Waterloo neighborhood, and also to those of South Boulder and Willow Creek.—*Rocky Mountain Husbandman*.

WALTER H. GRAVES, superintendent of irrigation on the Crow Reservation, exhibited to his friends some fine photographic views of the irrigation work done by the Crows. The ditches so far constructed cover 26,000 acres of magnificent land, and most of the labor has been performed by the Indians, the expense so far being about \$100,000. This is paid out of a fund set apart by the department when the Crows ceded part of their reservation. Among other considerations the sum of \$400,000 was to be expended in irrigation by the Government.—*Billings Times*.

DURING the year 1894 Montana stockgrowers have sold on the Chicago market, to Indians and military reservations within the State, and to home butchers, 302,365 head of cattle at \$5 per head, bringing to the growers \$1,511,825. Of wool they have raised and exported 15,592,925 pounds which has brought to the wool men an average of ten cents per pound. They have sent to market 100,000 sheep, bringing \$200,000. For the first time Montana farmers have gone into diversified farming. One-half of the pork consumed in the State in 1894 was raised by home farmers, who received an average of five cents per pound for every animal sold.

LEGITIMATE Montana mining enterprises have always found ready supporters in English investors and among the stockholders and directors of many famous properties in this State will be found the names of many English capitalists. As a rule they are careful investors, but many have been made so by the painful experience that they have had with wildcat enterprises which had their birth in some Eastern city. To the credit of this great and prosperous mining State, be it said that its newspapers and its people have at all times been the first to denounce all mining schemes which had a wildcat flavor. The result of this is that Montana mining shares are more largely held in England today and are better thought of than those of any other State in the Union.—*Butte Inter Mountain*.

#### Idaho.

THE Idaho mineral product for 1894 is given at \$7,864,000, as follows: Gold, \$1,879,000; silver, \$2,350,000; lead, \$3,600,000. The increase for the year as compared with Wells Fargo's report for 1893, is \$3,922,000. The most marked increase is in lead. The increase of the production of lead in Shoshone County alone over 1893 is \$2,000,000. The increase in silver production over 1893 is \$800,000 and in gold \$400,000. In 1893 silver was figured at seventy cents an ounce and lead at three and one-half cents.

#### Oregon.

VESSELS belonging to the grain fleet are constantly "on the wing," to use a marine term. Like migratory birds, they are coming and going all the time. Sunday three large vessels reached Astoria inward-bound—the Earls court, Clackamshire and Samones, and, the day following, the ships Mooltan, Lord Elgin and Riverside passed out to sea with full cargoes of grain. The ship Mooltan carries 42,654 sacks of wheat, valued at \$43,300.—*Portland Telegram*.

A. J. JOHNSON, special agent for the Forestry Department at Washington, has just returned from an extended expedition through portions of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Vancouver Island. Mr. Johnson is now going home to Astoria to thresh out his harvest, which consists of 200 sacks of cones of the various evergreen trees of Washington, the seeds of which are wanted by the Government, and some of which will also be sent to fill orders from France, Germany, Holland and Italy. The beautiful evergreen trees of Washington and Oregon are better known and more highly prized in those countries than they are here at home. Mr. Johnson thinks it is about time that steps were being taken to have specimens of these trees planted



in the parks of our own cities, as well as in those of European cities, of which they form the greatest attractions. There are more than thirty varieties of evergreen trees, native to these States, many of which are highly esteemed for landscape gardening, and some of which are as beautiful as any in the world, and are in great demand in foreign countries, but are almost entirely unknown to the people of Washington and Oregon.—*Oregonian*.

#### Washington.

**SPOKANE** built 400 houses last year at a cost of \$750,000.

The Northern Pacific Railroad has been looking over the ground in contemplation of extending its Gray's Harbor branch through to Hoquiam, and there is a probability that the coming season will see the road built through.—*Washingtonian*.

The recent shipment of 500 red cedar doors and a quantity of window frames to Johannesburg, South Africa, per bark Leavenbank, by Wheeler, Osgood & Company, of Tacoma, marks another epoch in the door trade of the Pacific Northwest. Only three years ago the red cedar door trade was unknown east of the Cascade Mountains.—*Puget Sound Lumberman*.

The Palouse Country is now abandoning its one-crop idea and merging into diversified farming. Prune and apple orchards of business-like dimensions are becoming more numerous, hogs multiplying, grasses are being introduced that will render dairying profitable, while there are great possibilities for the future in sugar beets, broom corn, sunflowers, flax, etc., world without end. Surely no country with such a fertile soil and never-failing crops need fear for its future. Its prosperity eventually is assured.—*Garfield Enterprise*.

ALTHOUGH not made upon the authority of the Northern Pacific Steamship Company, the report has gained currency that the Fairfield shipping works on the Clyde are constructing two 8,000-ton steamships which will be finely appointed and of great speed, for that company's Tacoma-Yokohama line. The Fairfield company owns the Victoria and Tacoma now operated by the Northern Pacific people, and the new liners built to supplant them will be twice their capacity, thus affording an opportunity of carrying all the

freight offered for shipment, which it has been impossible to do heretofore, while the passenger accommodations would enable the line to successfully compete with the Canadian Pacific's Empresses.—*West Coast Trade*.

PRESIDENT JAMES J. HILL, of the Great Northern Railway, has ordered thirty-nine boxes of fruit from Dr. N. G. Blalock, of Walla Walla. The consignment, consisting of a selection of the standard varieties, was sent by express, and Mr. Hill will distribute it among the leading cities of the United States for the purpose of showing the quality and keeping qualities of Washington fruit. A portion will also be sent to London and Paris.

#### The Canadian Northwest.

BUILDING operations have not been exceptionally heavy in Winnipeg during 1894, yet the record is most creditable. The completion of the new law courts added material strength to the public buildings of the city; the commencement of Wesley College gives a stimulus and stability to the educational institutions; the erection of the new St. Andrew's and St. George's churches increases the influence and adds to the progress of the religious element of the community, while the new Bank of Ottawa block aids in the restoration of confidence in commercial circles. In addition to these there were many more substantial blocks, both business and residential, and innumerable detached buildings, besides extensive improvements, alterations and enlargement of premises. A feature of the work of the past season was the number of stone foundations erected, and the class of dwelling houses constructed were of superior character and modern architecture. Nearly one million dollars were expended on new structures, and it is estimated that over \$100,000 were spent on improvements and alterations. Considering the general commercial depression that has prevailed, and the consequent slowness in the circulation of money, the aggregate is most satisfactory and is a manifest of the confidence in the stability of Winnipeg and an evidence of the progress of the city.—*Northwestern*.

#### North Dakota Lignite Coal.

J. F. Brodie, an experienced Pennsylvania miner, has recently opened a coal mine on the thickest vein discovered in North Dakota. The mine is called the

East Lehigh and is located at Lehigh station, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, four miles east of the town of Dickinson. The vein is twenty-six feet thick and is entered on a level from the side of a hill a few hundred feet from the railroad track. Mr. Brodie owns 240 acres of ground under which this enormous vein is known to extend without a fault. For quality the coal is unsurpassed by any North Dakota lignite. It comes out in clean, large chunks, free from clay and analysis shows that its value for fuel is about eighty per cent of that of Ohio bituminous coal. Mr. Brodie puts this coal on the cars for shipment at the mouth of the mine at a cost to the purchaser of one dollar per ton. The coal deposit is so large and is so easily and cheaply worked that operations at the mine can be extended to keep pace with the demand for the coal, and orders can be filled as fast as received. North Dakota lignite is growing in favor all over the State as an economical home and manufacturing fuel. It is fast supplanting Eastern coals. There are also deposits of brick and pottery clay, fine building stone, and a good quality of glass sand. Address orders to J. F. Brodie, Lehigh, North Dakota.

#### Acme White Enameled Bath Tubs and Granitic Laundry Trays.

The cheapest and most durable sanitary bath tub is made right here at home; also the best laundry tray that can be found anywhere. Architects should specify "home manufacture." Builders and owners should not send their money outside when they can buy the best goods at home at less price. The goods made by the Minneapolis Paving and Mfg Co.—bath tubs, laundry trays, sinks, etc. are all guaranteed as to durability and superiority. Go and see them or send for catalogue and price lists. Their office and show rooms are at 429 6th Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minn.

#### The Youghiogheny & Lehigh Coal Co.

One of the youngest coal companies at the head of the lakes has erected extensive docks at West Superior, where they handle their own production of genuine Youghiogheny coal with the best grades of Hocking and anthracite, specially prepared for this market. Large consumers and dealers are invited to correspond with them when in the market to buy. Address them at their main office at West Superior, Wis.

## Northern Trust Company

OF WISCONSIN.

Capital Stock, \$500,000 (fully paid.)

ROBERT LENOX BELKNAP, President.

Offices, 1721 Winter St., Cor. Tower Ave., WEST SUPERIOR, WIS.

Transacts a General Trust Business.

Acts as Agent, Guardian, Executor, Administrator, Trustee, Receiver, Assignee, Depositary, and as Transfer Agent or Registrar. Mortgages and other first-class investments constantly on hand. A large list of desirable real estate (improved and unimproved) for sale or rent. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Bonds of Suretyship furnished.

WM. B. BANKS, Vice President.

P. G. STRATTON, Treasurer.

OGDEN H. HAMMOND, Secretary.

### The Best NORTH DAKOTA COAL.

### THE LEHIGH

### COAL MINING

### COMPANY.

OF LEHIGH, NORTH DAKOTA,

Are prepared to fill all orders for coal on short notice from their

**TWENTY-SIX FOOT VEIN**  
of Clean, Solid LIGNITE COAL.

This fuel has become the standard domestic and steam coal of North Dakota. Scientific tests show it to contain less ash than any other coal in the world. The percentage of ash is less than four, while anthracite contains six per cent. Former objections on account of the large amount of volatile matter are completely obliterated by the new stoves which burn the gas as well as the solid part of the fuel, making this the most economical fuel known.

We have agencies at every station on the N. P. road and its branches in N. Dak. Our coal is sold at all yards of the Gull River Lumber Co. and the Beidler-Robinson Lumber Co., and also at the elevators of the James John Elevator Co.

**THE LEHIGH**  
**COAL MINING**  
**COMPANY.**

A. C. MCGILLIVRAY, Pres't.  
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Most perfect lubrication insured, and guarantee entire freedom from corrosion and honey-combing of Cylinders, and destruction of joints of Steam Chest by fatty acids.

In exclusive use upon eighty railroads. References furnished upon application.

Make exclusive specialty of Valve and Signal Oils for railroad use.

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**LADIES DR. CONSTAN'S FEMALE**  
**REGULATOR,** the never-failing, always reliable friend of married women, used 40 years; Send 4 cents in stamps for women's ideas friend to CONSTAN'S SPECIFIC CO., Florio, Wis.

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 Fairbanks Galvanized Steel Windmills,  
 Fairbanks Galvanized Steel Towers,  
 Eclipse Windmills, Pumps, Pipes, etc.,  
 Railway Supplies, Railway Specialties,  
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## HIS LINE.

Two traveling men were stopping at the Tower House recently. One represented the Grand Forks Nursery, the other a Fargo grocery house. The groceryman asked the other what house he represented, when the nurseryman replied, "I travel for the Grand Forks Nursery." "Oh, I see," replied the astute Fargoan; "you are soliciting patients for a Grand Forks hospital!" The groceryman had to buy the cigars for the house for making this break.—*Devils Lake News.*

## OBJECTED TO HIS COMPANY.

There is a small boy on the North Side who is noted for his precocity in all things, but particularly for his unconsciously witty sayings at a time when his mamma is endeavoring to impress his youthful mind with some of the more serious things in life. A few months ago there was a funeral in the block where he lives, a

the evening, and he was as mad as the Old Harry. He did not know the kitten was around, but the kitten was finally secured; and I hope when they read this all will be forgiven and nothing more said.—(*Oakes (N. D.) Republican.*)

## SANDY ON RED LAKE WATER.

I know naethin' gude about ye  
In yere unconvaired state;  
Ye'r a type o' human life, they say,  
To me ye're unkin' Fate.

But sweetened wi' the sugar,  
And heated wi' the fire,  
And strengthened wi' the whusky—  
Heh! heh! I must admire.

For then ye're type o' toddy—  
O' human life a type;  
An I'll say some gude about ye  
When I gie my lips a wipe!

—Grand Forks News.

## ONE THING LACKING.

The mammoth department stores supply all wants. Not long ago a customer in one of these all-round stores purchased a complete housefurnishing supply, including a dog, a parrot and a monkey. He bought himself a suit, and having an ugly tooth, he had it



## AN UNFORTUNATE QUERY.

The Good Missionary—"We have with us this evening Singing Cayote, who will describe the great wrongs that have been piled upon his tribe."

The Baby Boy—"Is he going to say anything 'bout you?"

little boy with whom he used to play having proved a victim to typhoid fever. As the little casket was being placed in the hearse the mother was appealed to for a reason why Bobby would not be seen in that vicinity again, and when she patted the head of her own dear offspring and told him it was because God had called his play-fellow to heaven he blurted out: "That cuss go to heaven? I hope when I die they'll send me some place else, for he was the meanest little devil of the whole gang."—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

## HE WAS INNOCENT.

The maddest girl we ever saw in Glover was at church a few evenings ago; and right here let me say that the gentle sex get mad too easy and many times without stopping to reason or consider. Every family has a pet kitten that steals its way to church very often and wanders around under the seats. The other evening one visited the church (school house) and made itself familiar with feet and auxiliaries that connect the feet to other portions of the human anatomy. The kitten struck a young couple just as the young man was turning another leaf. He let the book fall, and just as he was feeling around for the book the kitten came and began rubbing its body against her feet just above the shoe tops. Well! you should have seen the look she gave him! You would have thought some one had opened the door of a cold-storage establishment. She glared at him a moment, then turned and looked the other way and did not look at him all

ceased up without going out of his way; going up another flight he sat for his photograph, passed into a physician's office on the same floor, was taken seriously ill on the floor above, died there, was placed in a coffin out of stock near by on the same floor, and sent home. The manager of the house added in a business-like way: "We would have furnished a coroner and a jury if the friends of the deceased hadn't been in such a hurry."—*Chicago Tribune.*

## MIXED UP THE BABIES.

A sort of serio-comic affair is reported from the south side. It appears that a mother and her married daughter who reside in the same house gave birth to baby boys at almost the same time. This was so unusual a coincidence that the neighbors were soon appraised and naturally flocked in to inspect the new arrivals. The two youngsters were left in a bed by themselves, and shortly afterwards passed about from hand to hand by the visiting neighbors. Their weight was of course learned and developed that both were of sturdy avoirdupois. After having satisfied the curiosity of the visitors the babies were returned to the bed, when suddenly there was a wailing and gnashing of teeth, for in the confusion the boys had become mixed and there was no telling which was which. They look alike, are of equal size and color, and probably they will have to go through life without being certain as to which is the uncle and which the nephew.—*Fort Howard Review.*

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## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

**WEALTH OF THE ROTHSCHILDS.**—As the Rothschilds are negotiating loans for the Russian government the proscription policy toward the Jews has been abandoned evidently. The wealth of the Rothschilds at present is estimated at \$2,000,000,000, and is believed to have doubled within the twenty years past. It is figured that in seventy years more they will possess \$60,000,000,000, an amount that can hardly be conceived.

**A VALUABLE CARGO.**—A company has been formed composed of capitalists at the head of the lakes, Minneapolis, Chicago and Detroit to make a new attempt to raise the wreck of the steamer Pewabic, sunk twenty-five years ago off Thunder Bay. The wreck contained a valuable cargo consisting of 300 tons of pure copper, and coined gold amounting to over \$300,000. Several attempts have been made to remove the cargo, but the work has been accompanied by great danger owing to the fact that the vessel lies in 100 feet of water. About four years ago a diver from Superior lost his life at this wreck, and several other divers have been killed in the attempt to remove the treasure. A Harrisburg man will make the attempt this time, and will wear a diving armor constructed specially for the work.—*Duluth News Tribune.*

**COST OF IOWA'S RAILWAYS.**—The *Railway Age* says that the railways in Iowa represent, on their mileage in that State alone, an investment of \$317,619,000. Of this amount \$149,494,000 is in capital stock, which is held by 31,521 stockholders, of whom only 613 reside in Iowa and whose holdings aggregate only \$7,836,000 or about five per cent of the stock and less than two and a half per cent of the total capitalization. Legislation against railways in Iowa is evidently against non-resident owners, whose property is being managed by the people of the State for their own benefit primarily, and this is true of railway property in all the Western and Southern States. If the railways were all owned by the people of the States in which they run some of the law making would be fairer and less oppressive than it now is.

**LOFTIEST STATUE IN THE WORLD.**—The tower of the new City Hall in Philadelphia has reached a height of 502 feet, and work has been for some time going on in placing the crowning statue of William Penn in position on the top of the dome. The figure stands upon the loftiest pedestal in the world. The statue of Penn is thirty-seven feet high and weighs 60,000 pounds. The work of constructing it and of placing it in the lofty position has been one of considerable difficulty, and several interesting problems in mechanics have been involved. The tower is itself an object of considerable interest. It is the third highest structure in the world, with a total height of 547 feet and three and a half inches. The base to a height of eighteen feet is built of granite; above this, to a height of 337 feet, the tower is built of brick, with a thin facing of white marble. The part above the marble is constructed wholly of metal, painted white to match the color of the marble below. The skeleton or frame work of this part is of wrought iron, faced with plates of aluminum bronze. The whole forms a very graceful structure, notwithstanding its great height.—*Scientific American.*

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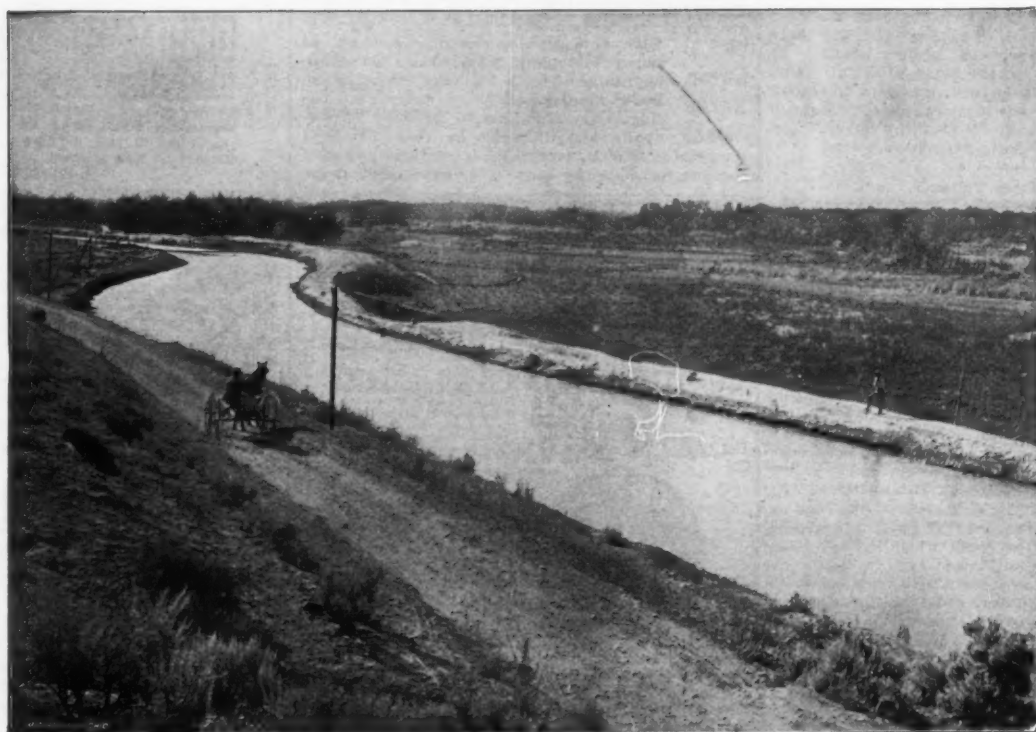
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In the New State of Washington.



VIEW ON SUNNYSIDE CANAL, YAKIMA COUNTY, WASHINGTON.

The Northern Pacific, Yakima and Kittitas Irrigation Company has constructed a canal 60 miles long, with a depth of 8 feet, a width at the bottom of 30 feet and a width at the top of the banks of 62½ feet. It covers 80,000 acres of valley land nowhere surpassed for fertility on the globe. The water is taken from the Yakima River and the supply is abundant for all possible demands. The solidity of construction in the dam, headgates and canal insures a regular and permanent supply of water and is a safeguard against breaks and other accidents.

**Climate.**—The summer climate of the Yakima Valley resembles that of the California valleys, in the length of the growing season, the number of sunny days, the absence of late spring frosts and early fall frosts and the immunity from destructive storms. The winters are short and not at all severe.

**Soil.**—The soil of the valley is a rich brown loam and is of phenomenal depth. In places where a vertical surface has been exposed along the brink of the second bench, the depth is over eighty feet, and the soil at the bottom is just as rich as that near the top.

**Productions.**—This is beyond question the best fruit country in the United States for the raising of apples, grapes, pears, peaches, apricots, plums, prunes, berries and melons. It is also a better hop country than the famous hop valleys on Puget Sound, for the reason that the hop louse cannot endure the summer heats and dies before doing any damage to the vines. Old hop yards in the neighborhood of the town of North Yakima have given large and almost uniform yields for ten years. Alfalfa is the forage crop and yields five or six crops a year. Garden vegetables give enormous returns and are profitably grown for the markets of Tacoma and Seattle.

**Special Advantages for Fruit Culture.**—All the lands under the Sunnyside Canal lie within a few miles of stations on the main line of the Northern Pacific Railroad; refrigerator cars are furnished and fresh fruit can be put in good condition into the Sound cities on the west, and Spokane on the east, and can be sold in competition with California fruit in all the mining towns and camps of Montana and Idaho, in the towns of North Dakota, South Dakota and Manitoba and in the cities of St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Superior and Chicago. The Washington growers will monopolize these markets as soon as they can supply them, for the reason that Washington fruit is much better flavored than that of California.

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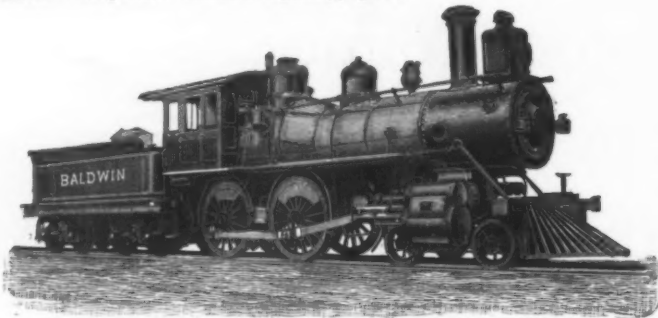
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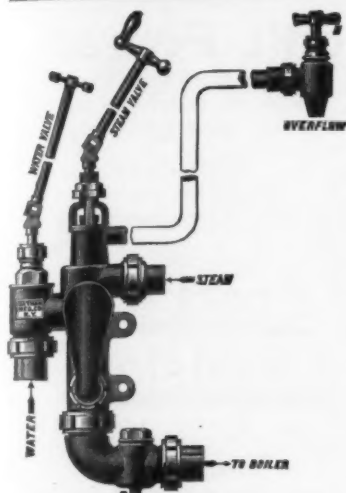
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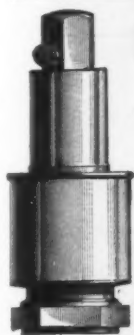
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### A Pork Factory Needed.

While we are figuring on how to build up a city we should not lose sight of the fact that a pork-packing industry would go a long way toward furnishing a market that would be of great benefit to farmers in this vicinity. Such an industry should be encouraged, even if it should require a bit of a bonus to do it. Crookston ought to find a ready market for all the pork that can be raised in this vicinity.—*Polk County Journal.*

### A Sacrilege.

The Indians about Wenatchee, Wash., have been expressing their disapproval of what they consider a great act of sacrilege on the part of the Great Northern Railway. The cause of the complaint is that the Great Northern had occasion to blast out some large rocks which were covered with hieroglyphics. These rocks the Indians regard as sacred, the hieroglyphics being a record of the Wenatchee Indian tribe, their battles, deaths, etc.

### A Thrifty Minnesotan.

The Western farmer has his ups and downs, and the downs are often severe and expensive; yet he manages to make a living and a little more as a rule, notwithstanding the low prices and the occasional severe drouth. John Wilson, of Baxter Township, has a good farm that ordinarily would produce two or three times as much, yet this year he has raised from 100 acres over 1,550 bushels of wheat; from 50 acres of corn about 500 bushels; from 20 acres of flax 140 bushels; from 80 acres of meadow over 100 tons of very good hay, and from 10 acres of very poor oats over 100 bushels. He has a good dairy of eleven cows, with a fine Short Horn bull at the head of the herd; a dozen or more horses, among them a fine imported Shire stallion; a large number of hogs, etc. He turns off considerable pork, butter, eggs, poultry, some potatoes and other vegetables, and thus manages to make a pretty fair living even in these hard times.—*Montevideo Leader.*

### More Meat—Less Wheat.

In Bulletin No. 15 of the Government Agricultural Station for North Dakota Prof. Ladd, the chemist of that institution, presents analyses of some of the principal food products of the State. In that of the grasses it is noticeable that he gives the highest percentage of fat to prairie hay. The comparative value of our prairie hay as a fattener can be readily appreciated by comparison. Prof. Ladd gives the percentage of fat in timothy as 2.69; orchard grass 3.55; blue grass 3.03; Hungarian grass and millet 3.25; prairie hay 4.28. From the above will be seen at a glance that our North Dakota forage furnished by nature is of the very best, and the shipments of fat stock from here to the Eastern markets show that our farmers are learning from experience what Prof. Ladd has demonstrated by scientific analysis. More beef, mutton and pork and less wheat is the goal to which the logic of conditions is bringing us.

In giving an analysis of the different kinds of grain, Prof. Ladd includes screenings, and incidentally speaking of the familiar subject of "dockage," which he gives at 1.55 pounds per bushel, says: "For this the farmer receives no pay; and yet it is sold in the market at from \$8 to \$12 per ton, which would amount to not less than \$235,000 per year loss to the farmers of the State."



The railroads are closing the year with a bad wreck-ord.—*Duluth Paragrapher.*

How is it that no one hears of anybody being hypnotized into doing something good?

A reporter, in depicting a wreck at sea, says that no less than thirteen unfortunates bit the dust.

Connecticut has introduced an automatic gallows; those who have tried it will use no other.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

De road to ambitio: is too narrow fo' frien'ship, too crooked fo' lub, too rugged fo' honesty an' too dark fo' science.—*Ark. Thomas Cat.*

A naturalist tells us that a snipe has a nerve running clear down to the end of his bill. So has the plumber. How wonderful are nature's works!

Customer—"How soon can you cut my hair?" Barber—"John, run over and tell the editor if he's done editing the paper to send me my scissors. Gentleman waitin' for hair-cut."

Young Baxter—"Pop, here's a long article in der paper abound de opposition off Mars."

Old Baxter—"Mein eracious! Mark everything down dwenty per zent, quivick!"—*Good News.*

I notice that a Grand Forks bathroom proprietor advertises baths in any kind of water for fifteen cents. Most anyone can afford a bath for a Christmas present at those figures.—*Grafton (N. D.) Record.*

Sailor—"I was shipwrecked in mid-ocean and nearly died of thirst."

Landsman—"I gan sympathize mit you. Vonce I vas railroad wrecked in a prohibition State."

I'm no musician like my wife,  
And yet this seems a riddle:  
For ever since our married life  
I've played the second fiddle.

Citizen—"What has your last Arctic expedition accomplished?"

Arctic Explorer—"What has been accomplished? Why, sir, we have fully and incontrovertibly demonstrated that babies can be born at the North Pole as well as at the Equator."—*New York Weekly.*



THE SOUL OF FRANKNESS.

He—"Would you like the date put on our engagement ring, my dear?"

She—"By all means; and then if there is room, run in some little motto like 'Any Port in a Storm;' or a 'Bird in the Hand,' or something like that."

No one was killed last Thursday near the N. P. depot. The red trail in the snow was caused by the way-freight running over a barrel of cranberries.—*Grafton Record.*

The recording angel no doubt sighs with regret every time a lot of women on earth get to talking together that in his day shorthand had not been invented.—*Thos. Cat.*

New Boarder (shivering)—"This stove is too small for this room."

Landlady (kindly)—"So it is. I'll have it moved into a smaller room for you."

Little Girl—"What is you studying now?"

Little Boy—"General history."

"What is it about?"

"Generals, of course."—*Good News.*

The man on New Year's Day resolves

To walk like this — throughout the year;

But ere the earth three times revolves,

He walketh so his tracks thus do appear: ~~~~~

—*Spokane Outburst.*

Wing Cong Chew, who plays right tackle in the Chinese laundry, dropped a pillow case on a stranger's toes in the barber shop last week, and came very near having to hire a lawyer to apologize for him. The pillow case was full of flat-irons.—*Grafton Record.*

The heavy frost which covered everything from the trees to the clothes lines last Saturday morning is accounted for from the fact that a handsome young Icelander couple were married during the night.—*Grafton Record.*

A Hamilton, Mont., girl, who has been reading up on Populistic politics lately, wants to know, if we must have an elastic currency, why it should not be made of chewing gum. Well, ahem, perhaps garters would be more popular.—*Bitter Root Times.*

Little Girl—"Our baby is smarter than yours."

Little Boy—"Tisn't."

"Yes, tis. Your baby can't say the first word yet. Our baby is beginning to talk."

"Y-e-s, but your baby is a girl."—*Gook News.*

Druggist—"No, I don't want any more cod-liver oil. We're overstocked now."

Drummer—"But, my dear sir, look at this item in the *Society Chitchat*. It says that rubber overshoes are going out of fashion."

Druggist—"Whoop! Send me a car-load."

"How was the day passed at the jail?" asked Chief Clark of Sheriff Chapel. Oh, we had a turkey dinner and literary exercises."

"Any music?"

"Yes," said the sheriff, "a few bars."—*St. Paul Globe.*

## Don't Forget

that when you buy Scott's Emulsion you are not getting a secret mixture containing worthless or harmful drugs.

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Alumina.....	.070	1.2
Ferri Carbonate.....	Trace	Trace
Calcium.....	.233	4.6
Magnesium " Na. Salt.....	Trace	Trace
Lithium.....	Trace	Trace
Potassium.....	3.21	5.5
" Iodide.....	Trace	Trace
" Bromide.....	Trace	Trace
Sodium Chloride Co. Salt.....	1.442	24.7
" Sulphide.....	.832	14.6
" Sulphate Gl. Salt.....	.607	10.4
" Phosphate.....	Trace	Trace
" Biborate Borax.....	Trace	Trace
" Carbonate.....	8.788	150.5
Ammonia Free.....	.025	.43
Albuminoid Ammonia.....	.003	.05
Total.....	16.858	289.38

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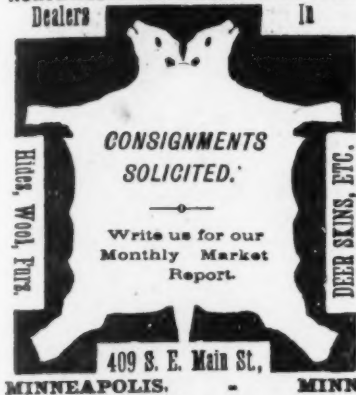
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In Montana,	-	-	" 17,450,000 Acres
In Northern Idaho,	-	-	" 1,750,000 Acres
In Washington and Oregon,	-	-	" 9,375,000 Acres

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